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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 14, 1958
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The Sphere

Christmas Number

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1958

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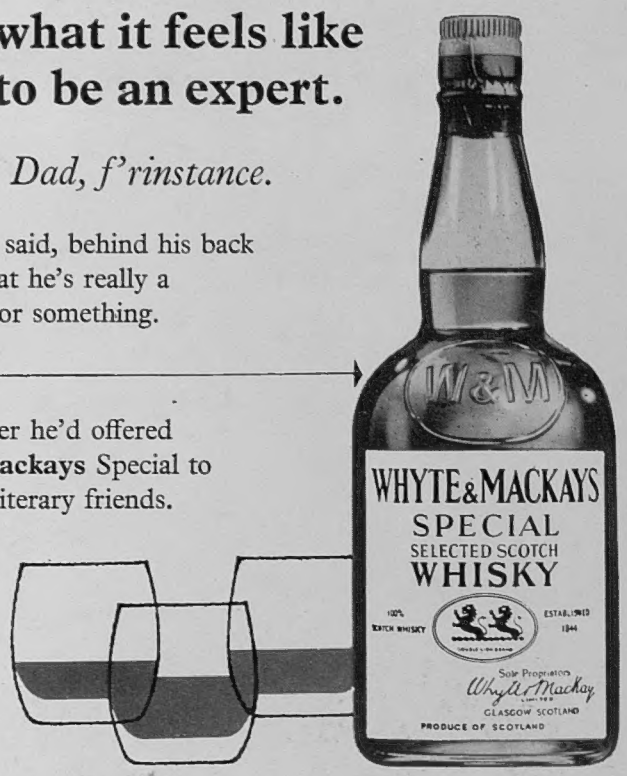

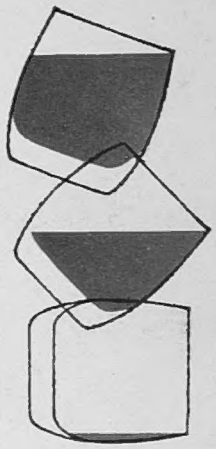

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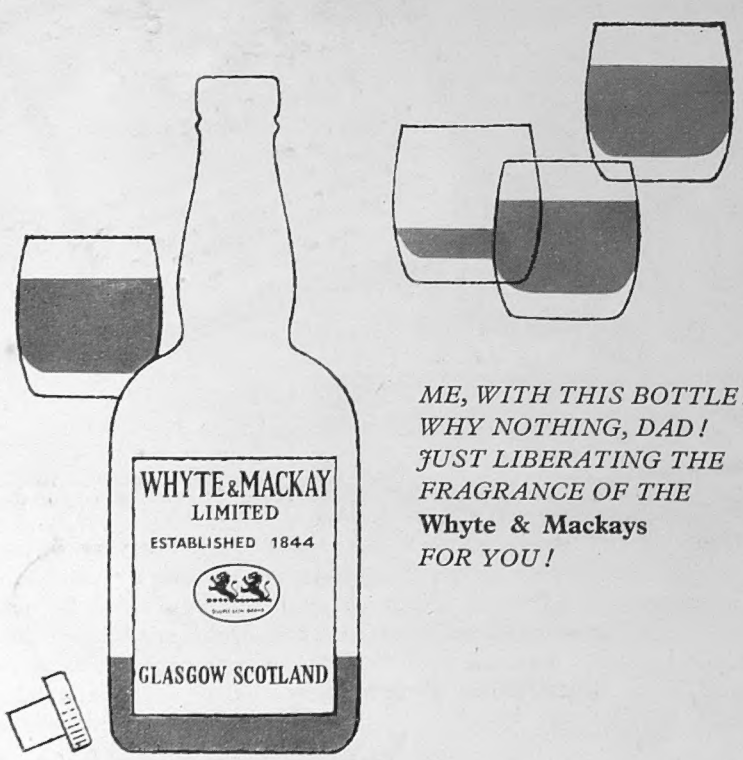

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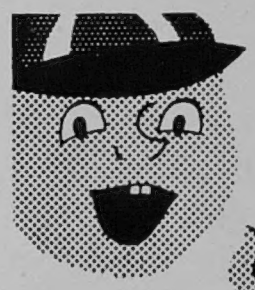

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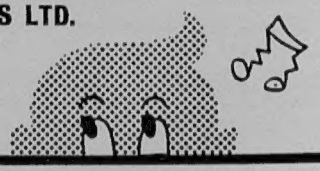

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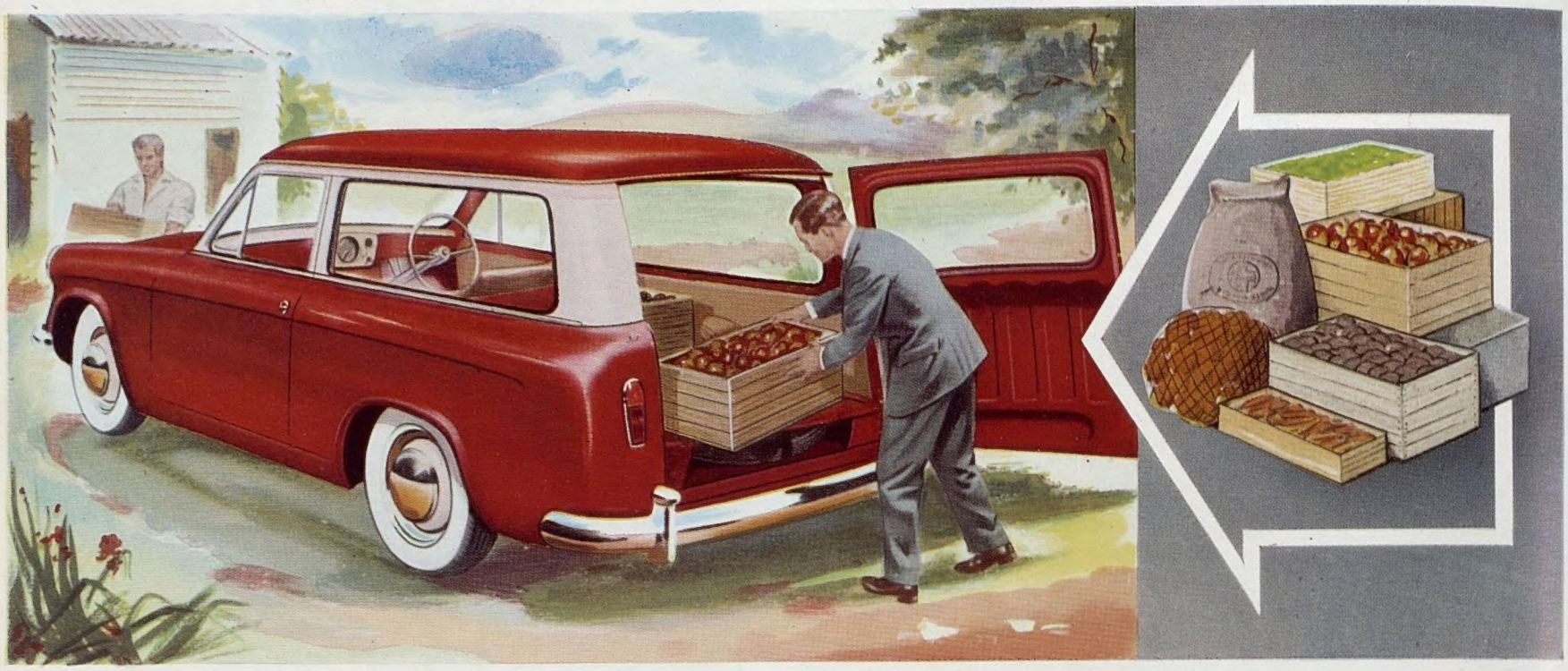

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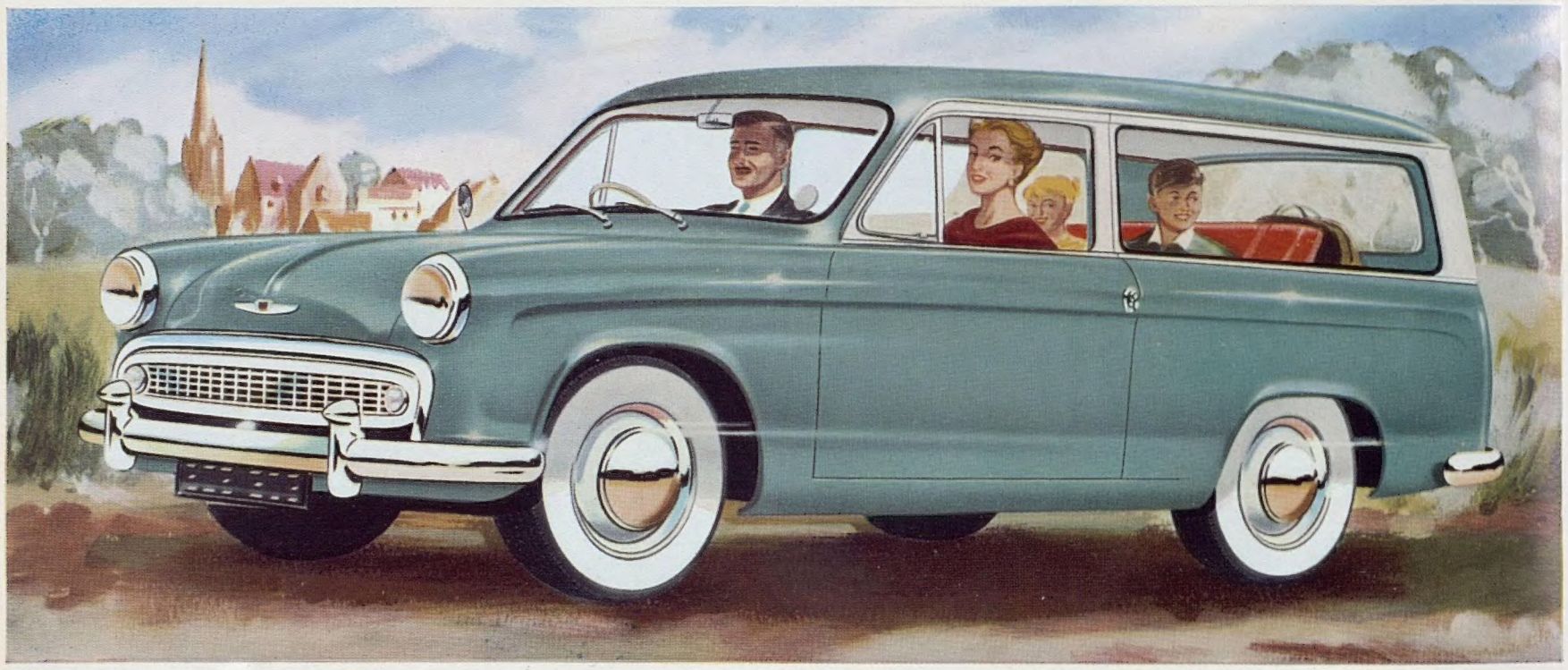

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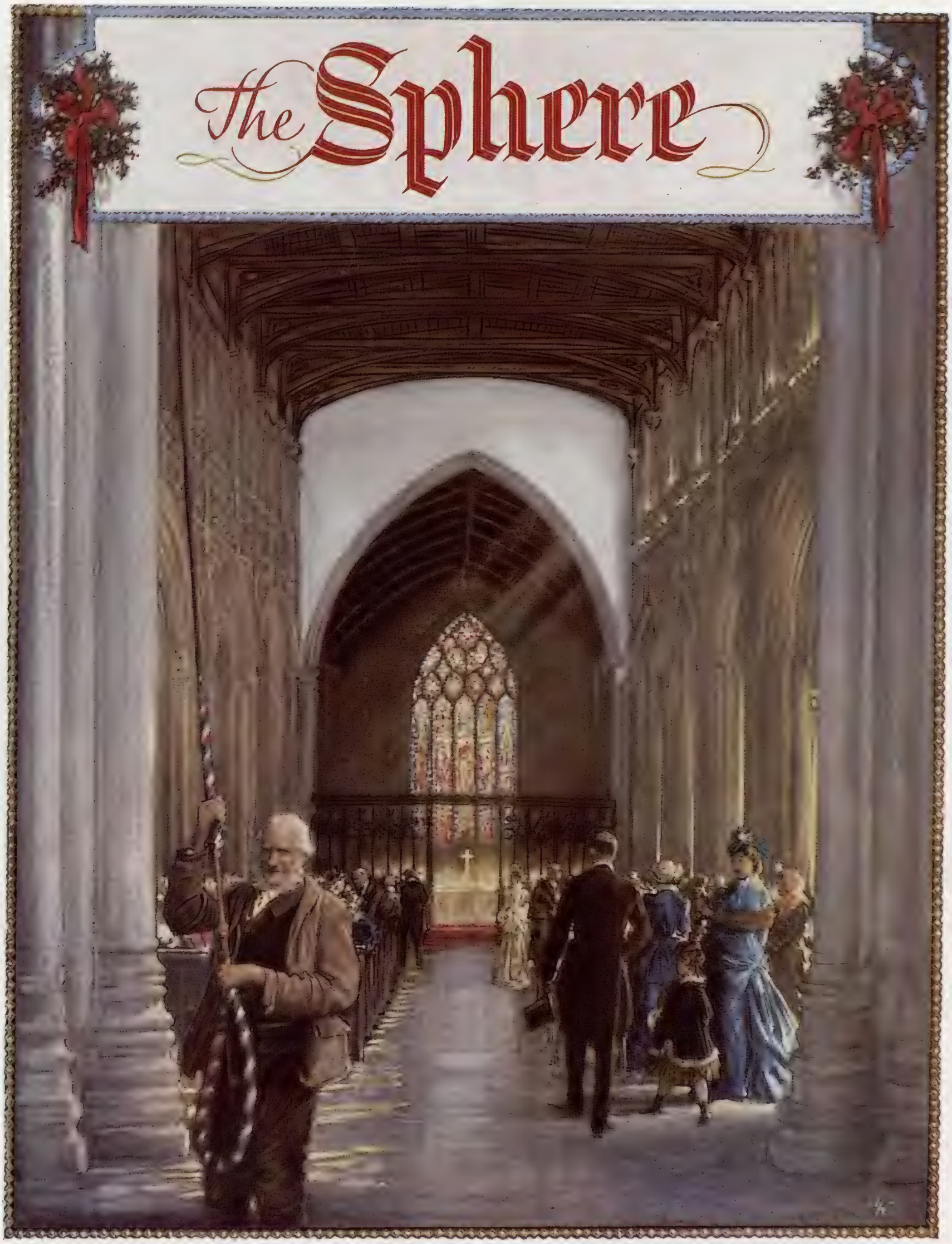

CHRISTMAS AT LAVENHAM: A Scene in the Church: *Specially Painted by Millar Watt*

Christmas is still for most people primarily a religious festival. For our ancestors the day centred even more round the parish or local church. On this page and in the painting on the cover of this issue of THE SPHERE Christmas Number Millar Watt has captured the atmosphere of bygone centuries in one of the finest churches in the country—Lavenham, in Suffolk, an architectural treasure in East Anglia, which boasts so many splendid "little cathedrals." Above, the artist recalls a Christmas morning service in the Victorian age. Light pours through the large late Perpendicular windows into the nave with its carved roof beams, wall plates, graceful pillars and arches. The cover, which shows the exterior at night, takes us back still further in time—to the Georgian period. Worshippers trudge through the snow and above the lit interior is the slender and crocketed turret or spire which is of earlier date than most of the building and contrasts admirably with the large dominating tower. Today recordings of the bells in the tower are used as interval signals by the B.B.C. Round the cover are coats of arms of three families closely connected with the history of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul at Lavenham. At top, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford (1443-1513), who inspired the building; right, the Springs, benefactors in Tudor days; and left, Dr. Henry Coppinger, a famous Rector at the end of the sixteenth century.

d

Shakespeare at Christmas

Illustrated by William McLaren

Theatre-going is an accepted part of our Christmas festivities, just as it was in the first Elizabethan age. For Good Queen Bess however, the theatre, as it were, came to her, wherever she happened to be in residence. A company of actors, known as the Lord Chamberleyne's Company, was commissioned yearly to perform before the Queen at Christmas.

The first mention of Shakespeare as an actor is found in the Record Office accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber:—

"To William Kempe William Shakespeare and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelle's

warrant dated at Whitehall XV^to Marcij 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste viz upon St. Stephen's daye and Innocentes daye XIIIli Vjs VIId and by way of her majesties Rewarde VIli XIIjs IIIjd, in all XXli'.

This was the beginning of a series of performances before the court every Christmastide up till 1603. It must have been a gorgeous assembly when on St Stephen's day of 1593 or 1594 the Queen and her court gathered to see a Shakespeare play probably "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and a few days later on December 28th "The Comedy of Errors".

The scene depicted is from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", the serenade "Who is Silvia?" has just been sung, and the departing musicians are being thanked by Silvia from her window above, while Proteus, one of the two Gentlemen, waits below to declare his love.

Elizabethans dressed not for comfort but for display and the audience was as much part of the spectacle as the play itself. Being so close to the spectators, the actors wore clothes as splendid as those of the audience.

AN ITALIAN ALTARPIECE

Giovanni Battista Pittoni's Painting Recently Acquired by London's National Gallery

In May of this year the National Gallery bought a large altarpiece by Giovanni Battista Pittoni at an auction in London. It was the Gallery's first important Italian altarpiece of the eighteenth century and it may be the only major Italian altarpiece of the artist's period currently in an English collection. Measuring 87½ ins. by 61½ ins., the painting, formerly the property of the Earl of Ancaster, has been shown in several exhibitions, including the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of 1954-55 and the Manchester Centenary Exhibition of 1957. It has now been cleaned in the National Gallery's workshop.

Pittoni lived from 1690 to 1767. There are some interesting points about his canvas. These mainly turn on its title. It is generally regarded as a "Nativity." But when the National Gallery purchased it for £7,200 last May, some reports referred to it as "The Rest on the Flight into Egypt." The only ground for the latter assumption appears to be that Joseph has a water-bottle and stick by his right hand. These indicate a journey. But the Holy Parents were also on a journey when they reached Bethlehem on the first Christmas. And the background of angels would surely support the Nativity rather than the Flight (of which Holy Writ supplies no details in the only mention in St. Matthew's Gospel). It should perhaps be added that at the time of Pittoni, painters did not worry overmuch about the titles of their pictures. It was the form and colour and the subject matter which counted.

Fairy Tales Seen Anew

Berkeley Sutcliffe's Evocation of Perrault's "Stories of Old Times"

THE appeal of fairy stories is timeless. Like nursery rhymes, children of every generation absorb them and understand them in ways which have been forgotten by adult minds. New illustrations to the infinitely-repeated tales are always welcome. On this and the following pages Berkeley Sutcliffe, in splendid colours and with design which is often panoramic in its magnificence, gives a fresh look to some of the best-known characters and places in the fairy-tale lore.

The three great collections of European fairy tales are those of Perrault, the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen. Mr. Sutcliffe has drawn his stories from Perrault, from the recent translation of *The Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault*, by Geoffrey Brereton, published by Penguin Books last year in the Penguin Classics. All translations quoted are by Mr. Brereton and much valuable information has been obtained from his fascinating and scholarly introduction.

Charles Perrault was born in 1628 and died in 1703. He was what would nowadays be called a Civil Servant as well as a literary man of distinction. His *Stories of Old Times With Morals* appeared at the end of his life, six years before his death. At first he tried to pass them off as the work of his son, but there is an underlying note of sophistication about them which no child could have employed.

(*Continued on page 17*)

Below—
"The loveliest sight he had ever seen." The Prince finds the Sleeping Beauty after drawing aside the curtains round the bed in the room with gold panelling. Little Puff, her dog, had been asleep with her for 100 years. The Princess's first words as she awoke were: "Is it you, my Prince? You have been a long time coming"

The Prince searches for the Sleeping Beauty. He alone had been able to make his way through the thick woods surrounding the remote old castle and has reached the forecourt. "The image of death was everywhere. The place was full of the prostrate bodies of men and animals, all apparently dead. But the Prince soon saw by the red noses and ruddy cheeks of the doorkeepers that they were only asleep: and their glasses, which still contained a few drops of wine, showed plainly enough that they had fallen asleep while drinking." In the guard-room he found the guard "snoring away loudly." Elsewhere were ladies and gentlemen—all asleep

On right—
Cinderella runs from the ball as the clock strikes midnight. Nothing remained of the finery she had worn in the Palace. So when inquiries were made of the guards at the gate and they were asked if they had seen a Princess go out, they replied they had only seen "a very poorly-dressed girl who looked more like a peasant than a young lady"

The Wolf waits for Little Red Riding Hood, who is making her way through the wood to visit her grandmother. The child "did not know that it was dangerous to stop and talk to a wolf." Having revealed her plans, it was easy for the wolf to go ahead and substitute himself for the grandmother and eat up Little Red Riding Hood. Perrault points the moral in a verse about the danger to young ladies from plausible wolves

On right—
Dazzled by riches, the new wife of Bluebeard is escorted by her husband round his castle. Everything is so splendid she fails to see any danger ahead. When Bluebeard gives her the keys she is overcome by curiosity and discovers his dreadful secrets

A tale of transformations. The ugly but highly intelligent Prince Rickey with the Tuft comes upon the beautiful Princess who is bemoaning the fact that she is so stupid. But Rickey possesses the gift, received from a fairy at his birth, to bestow wit and understanding on the person whom he would come to love most. This naturally turns out to be the Princess. As the story unfolds, she in her turn is able to transform Rickey into a handsome young man

The Prince out hunting sees for the first time the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Having heard various rumours about what the towers and walls concealed, he learns from an old peasant about the story of the sleeping Princess, and determines to go and find her

FAIRY TALES SEEN ANEW

(*Continued from page 15*)

Nevertheless, the author never fails to cater for the literal child mind. For instance, in *The Sleeping Beauty*, as Mr. Brereton points out, when the Princess wakes up she is naturally dressed in fashions 100 years out of date. Mr. Sutcliffe has carefully observed this convention, as can be seen in the contrast between the clothes of the sleeping courtiers and the dress of the Prince and his train.

Though slender in size, Perrault's is the first of the great collections of fairy tales, having been published nearly a century-and-a-half before the Grimms' compendious volume. Where did the Frenchman obtain his material? Some of the tales he probably took from earlier printed sources. Others perhaps came from inherited and centuries-old folk-lore. There are certain themes which recur in fairy stories in many languages. The parent-child relationship is an obvious example. In *Cinderella* a man with one daughter takes for his second wife a woman with two daughters. With step-parents for some reason it is usually the step-mothers who are bad. Perrault in *The Sleeping Beauty* even has a wicked mother-in-law. Other examples from the fairy-tale pattern are that contrasts are usually of extremes. Characters are either good or evil, beautiful or ugly, talented or stupid, strong or weak, and by class either Royalties and nobility or poor woodcutters.

All this is grist to the mill of the folklorist and psychologist and there can be little doubt that the study of fairy stories is essential to the understanding of the human mind. Perrault, however, is simply concerned with telling his tales. He relates *Little Red Riding Hood* with a brevity of narration and dialogue which would be spoilt if it were made any longer. Mr. Brereton suggests that he put down a traditional tale with very little retouching. Incidentally, Perrault ends with the wolf jumping out of bed and eating the child. The happy ending of the girl emerging Jonah-like from the beast's belly is a German romantic addition.

One of the greatest charms of Perrault are the morals in verse at the end of each story. Thus from *Red Riding Hood* we learn " these plausible wolves are the most dangerous kind " ; from *Bluebeard* two conclusions are drawn: " Though great the charms of curiosity, it often brings regret in greater measure " and " a little sense is all you need." All his advice, though nearly 300 years old, can be heeded to-day with reward.

On left—
Bluebeard is one of the nastiest villains in fairy tales. The old opinion that Perrault, the first known teller of this story, based his character on the horrifying criminal, Gilles de Retz, is nowadays generally discredited. More probably the author used the traditional figure of the femicide who stores the bodies of his victims to illustrate the theme of the pitfalls and dangers of female vanity and curiosity

THE GUY

The Fifth of November as Seen by a Distinguished English Painter

Among the exhibits by Richard Eurich, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy was "The Guy." Although the artist now has his home in the south of England, he lived at one time in the north. It is surely in the north that he found the inspiration for this picture. There the Fifth of November is celebrated with more pomp than in the south. In an industrial town—and that is obviously the background—children dress in costume to vie with the guy, although the effigy is the most resplendent of all the figures.

"Please to remember the Fifth of November . . ." Among English traditional customs it has Parliamentary sanction, for it was laid down in 1606 that the day should be kept as a holiday "in thankfulness to God for our deliverance and detestation of the Papists." Yet, as Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald pointed out in an article in THE SPHERE in November of last year, the day never has been observed as a national holiday. It is a national night, with bonfires and rockets. But these celebrations begin after people have stopped work. In fact, again to quote Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, it is likely that Guy Fawkes Night is merely a continuation of older customs.

In Bridgwater, in Somerset, for example, there is the annual "squibbing"—a carnival in which fireworks are not the only part of the festivities. The origin of the occasion is extremely obscure. Bridgwater had no reason to demonstrate its loyalties to the Stuarts. Rather the opposite, for one of the town's most famous sons was the Cromwellian Admiral Blake. In Lewes, in Sussex, Bonfire Night was probably a new name given to the commemoration of the Protestant Martyrs burnt there during the persecutions under Mary I. And even that may have been an adaptation of a still older festival. The Pagan winter started on November 1 and this was marked by the lighting of bonfires. So the children who spend the weeks before November 5 badgering adults for "a penny for the guy" may be carrying on a very ancient tradition.

The head waiter, making a good deal of fuss of them, led them to the only unoccupied table on the terrace

TWO FACES OF RAQUEL

A Short Story by Barry Perowne

With Illustrations by Lucien Lowen

AT the height of the luncheon hour, a tall, dark-haired girl dressed with expensive simplicity, and a lithe, sleek man in a white suit, walked together on to the restaurant terrace.

Miss Perrin, aware of a sudden lull in the hum of conversation, and noticing guarded glances directed at the newcomers, supposed the couple to be celebrities of some sort.

The head waiter, making a good deal of fuss of them, led them to the only unoccupied table on the terrace. The girl, ivory pale and beautiful, with an expression of cold reserve, sat down in the chair he held for her. Her companion remained standing for a moment, taking an unhurried, observant look round at the lunchers.

Their glances slid away from his almost furtively. But Miss Perrin, watching with frank interest, met his eyes for a moment. They were jet-black eyes that looked as though they didn't miss anything, and she sensed that they appraised her pretty much for what she was—a middle-aged English schoolteacher, self-reliant, with a calm, tanned face and neat, grey hair.

A ghost of mockery in his smile, the man sat down and the head waiter whisked into his hands, and the girl's, the huge, elaborate, deckle-edged menu cards.

One side of the covered terrace, which was on the first floor, was open to the street. The table at which Miss Perrin sat was near the balustrade. Along the stone sill stood potted shrubs. The heat and the luncheon hour had all but emptied the street below of its crowds. It lay sun-stunned and silent, glittering with parked cars.

Here on the restaurant terrace, the deft waiters moved about their tasks, the spirit-flames pulsed under the chafing-dishes. The hum of conversation resumed, but it seemed to Miss Perrin that with the coming of the couple an uneasiness had spread among the lunchers. They avoided, now, looking at the table where the couple sat. Miss Perrin wondered why.

She looked thoughtfully at the man who was sharing her own table. He was a tall, old, white-haired man with a leathery, distinguished face. The head waiter, who had addressed the old man as Don Gabriel, had brought him to the table, asking Miss Perrin if she would mind sharing, as there was a *fiesta* on and everywhere in the city was crowded to-day.

Don Gabriel had courtly manners. He was one of the old school. He and Miss Perrin had conversed pleasantly over their lunch. He had congratulated her on her Spanish.

"Would it be indiscreet of me," she said to him, now, "to ask if you know who are the couple who just came in? They seem to have created a certain—stir."

Don Gabriel touched his napkin to his bearded lips. His eyes carefully noted that the waiter was out of earshot, and he kept his voice low.

"A stir of disquiet, I'm afraid," he said. "When Luis de Yron, head of what's called in these days 'internal security,' and his secretary, Raquel Morena, leave the capital and appear in some provincial city, or port city such as this, it's not usually a good omen for somebody in the city so favoured. All countries have their troubles nowadays, have they not?"

His sad eyes warned her not to pursue the topic, and Miss Perrin, who had been two months in the country, knew enough to take the hint. This was her last day here, anyway, At seven this evening, she would be boarding a ship for home—and the beginning of another school term. Her luggage was down at the *embarcadero*. She had been spending her long vacation with her bachelor brother, Tom, a year or so her senior, an engineer who had worked in oilfields all over the world and now was doing a stint here in South America. He would have driven her in this morning, and seen her aboard her ship, but they had a well on fire, out at the oilfields, and Tom had had his hands full.

An exclamation from Luis de Yron's table drew her attention. A waiter there, opening champagne, had let a bubble of foam fall on Raquel Morena's frock, and the pampered secretary was angry about it. Miss Perrin heard the sharpness in the girl's voice, saw the rage which distorted her lips.

The waiter was reprieved from his abject apologies by the approach of a liveried chauffeur, cap in hand, who handed Yron a blue telegraph envelope. The waiter faded thankfully into the background as Yron, tearing open the envelope, read the message and passed it to his secretary. Yron spoke to the chauffeur and, as the man left the terrace, began to eat quickly, hastening his lunch. He talked to the girl in a low voice, earnestly, as he ate; and now and then she nodded, but sullenly, as though her acquiescence were grudging.

From the street below there sounded suddenly the note of a highly-tuned, powerful motor. Yron tossed down his napkin, rose, touched Raquel Morena's slim fingers to his lips. His glance slid round over the lunchers as, with that ghost of mockery in his smile, he walked from the terrace.

Looking down over the balustrade, Miss Perrin saw him emerge on the pavement below. The chauffeur was holding open the door of a long, low, European-built sports car, cream-coloured. Yron got in behind the wheel, the chauffeur ran round to take the seat beside him. Yron's sleek head gleamed black like enamel as the car shot away, whining up through its gears, along the broad, straight avenue where the tramlines glared blindingly and the palm-trees drooped dust-white fronds.

As the hornet-note of the car faded, Miss Perrin glanced across at Raquel Morena. She was leaving. Her manner, as she walked out, contemptuously rejected the eyes which followed her. She left behind her a heightened tension. Heads drew together. There was a speculative whispering. Miss Perrin looked at Don Gabriel. The old man's expression was sombre.

"All that, I fear," he murmured, "is *not* a good omen—for someone." He sighed, shrugged, forced a smile. "Will you do me the honour to drink a liqueur with me? A small brandy, perhaps, for *buen viaje*—since you tell me you sail to-day."

But Miss Perrin didn't sail.

Out at her brother's bungalow, on the edge of the forest of derricks, glittering like gaunt Martians under the sun, the pump-shafts endlessly rising and falling, she had seen little of the country itself. There had been a few motor-trips with Tom into the mountains, by hairpin roads and spidery, dizzy bridges. But she hadn't gathered many mementoes, and she spent the afternoon, and pretty well the last of her currency, combing the big, modernistic shops of the Avenida quarter, looking for something for the girls—things to take back that might interest them at the school.

Lights were coming on in the streets and buildings when, with her parcels, she took a taxi down to the *embarcadero*. Nearing the dock area, the taxi was halted by an apron-fence of barbed wire drawn across

(*Continued on following pages*)

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TWO FACES OF RAQUEL

(*Continued from previous page*)

the end of the street. Soldiers with slung rifles lounged near the wire. One of them came and spoke to the taxi-driver, and the driver, jerking a thumb back at Miss Perrin, stated the ship for which she was bound. The soldier stuck his head in at her, asked for her passport, flashed a torch on to the passport, returned it to her.

"Passengers will go aboard in the morning," he said. "The dock area has been closed since four o'clock this afternoon. It will be opened again at dawn."

"I can't go aboard?" Miss Perrin said, startled. "But surely——"

"Sorry," the soldier said. "It is a special measure. No one enters or leaves the dock area tonight. There are no exceptions."

He withdrew his head. The taxi-driver looked back at her with a grimace. "You can't argue with 'em," he said. "Where now, *señora*?"

She was about to tell him to drive back to the Avenida quarter, to some hotel there, but a chilling thought struck her. Shopping this afternoon, she had cut things fine. She had very little currency left, and her vouchers for use aboard the ship wouldn't be much use to her here. She glanced at the taximeter and decided that the sum it showed would leave her with about enough to put up at a cheap hotel of the kind which were bound to be plentiful down here around the *embarcadero*.

"Vicissitudes of a schoolmistress," she murmured to herself, with wry humour, as the taxi drove off, leaving her standing there holding her parcels.

The moon was up, silvering the widespread dock area, dotted with scattered lights. Masts and funnels loomed above warehouse roofs. A ship's siren boomed in the distance, inviting her to the security and comfort of the cabin from which she was cut off by the barbed-wire fence and the watching soldiers.

She turned and began to walk back up the unknown street. It was narrow and dark, lined by small shops, locked and shuttered, interspersed by dim-lit bars where men muttered together over zinc counters. No hotels. No haven for a middle-aged schoolmistress, who had missed the boat, to rest her respectable grey head. Tom would have a fit, thought Miss Perrin, if he could see her now.

Somewhere off to the left, a firework streaked up the sky and briefly dimmed the steady stars with a gaudy detonation of floating, golden globes. From the direction where the firework had gone up came confused sound, as of some more populous street—one, perhaps, where hotels were to be found.

By various turnings, she made her way towards the source of the noise, and came upon it suddenly—a street that this night of *fiesta* had turned into a fairground, flashing with lights, hissing with flares, banging with fireworks, blaring with merry-go-round organs, crammed with people. There were also hotel signs, Miss Perrin noted—lots of them. Cheap hotels, too, by the look of them.

Clutching her parcels, she manœuvred her way sturdily through the crush, but at each hotel she met the same adamant formula: "*No hay camas*—no beds."

It was growing late. She had set out from her brother's place very early that morning, had had a long drive. She felt wilted. She longed to find some place where at least she could sit down in peace and quiet for a while and think things out.

She turned out of the street of uproar to seek some quiet café. She came to a small marketplace. In the wash of moonlight, ramshackle stalls cast shadows of a daytime blackness. The café awning reached out across pavement tables hedged round densely with tubbed shrubs. The place looked invitingly tranquil, and she went in through the gap in the hedge.

Inside, a few men were playing cards, but the pavement tables were unoccupied, except for a pair of lovers murmuring together at an end table in the angle of the hedge. Miss Perrin sat down with relief at one of the tables, setting her parcels on it. A waiter came out and she ordered coffee.

The uproar of the street she had left was here but a murmur. As she sipped her coffee, she relished the quiet. She began to think she might do worse than stake a claim to this table for the rest of the night. She hoped her presence wouldn't be resented by the lovers.

With a faint smile at the thought, she glanced at them. The young man was lean and dark. His white shirt was open at the neck, his jacket slung loosely over his shoulders. He leaned forward to drink from his cup, and in the light coming from within the café Miss Perrin glimpsed the girl's face, glimmering pale in a cloud of shadow-dark hair. In the same instant, she glimpsed some thing else. From behind the girl, a hand snaked through the hedge, stroked across the girl's forehead, and vanished.

It was so swift that to Miss Perrin, clamped in a sudden rigour, it might almost have been an hallucination. But the girl sprang to her feet with a cry half-stifled. She threw up her hands to her face and a dark thread trickled over her pale fingers. It was blood.

The scene held for a second of immobility.

Then the young man plunged straight through the hedge, the waiter appeared in the doorway and checked, staring, and Miss Perrin, with a schoolmistress's quick, practical response to emergency, snatched up her handbag and went to the girl. She put a firm hand on the girl's shoulder, pressed her down into her chair. From her handbag she took an iodine pencil and small tin of adhesive patches, then drew the girl's hands away from her face, tilted her chin.

He leaned to drink from his cup, and in the light coming from within the café Miss Perrin glimpsed the girl's face. In the

"What was it?" she whispered. "How did it happen?"

The girl looked up into Miss Perrin's clear grey eyes. Recognition was instant and mutual. This girl in the ragged, blue cotton frock and frayed sandals was Raquel Morena, the expensive and pampered secretary of Luis de Yron.

Miss Perrin's lips compressed. With her handkerchief she dabbed away the blood, revealing a very thin cut that welled quickly red again, just above the girl's right eyebrow. She could feel that the girl was shaking, uncontrollably.

"What was it?" she whispered. "How did it happen?"

"A hand came through the hedge," Miss Perrin said. "I saw it quite clearly. It was——"

She checked herself. She had noted something unusual about that hand. But she was disturbed, mystified. What was Raquel Morena, beautifully dressed and contemptuously self-assured on the terrace of the Avenida restaurant, doing here in a ragged frock, with dishevelled hair, at this down-at-heel place in the dock area? Luis de Yron was the chief man-hunter for an oppressive regime. It looked to Miss Perrin as though Raquel Morena were not only his secretary, but his spy.

Miss Perrin remembered that her brother Tom always said that what went on in a country where an oilman worked was no business of his.

That seemed a good policy, also, for a transient schoolmistress, and Miss Perrin kept to herself what she had noticed about the hand that had come through the hedge.

"The wound was evidently made with a razor blade," she said. She stretched an adhesive patch, dabbed the cut dry again, then quickly smoothed the patch over it. "It 's nothing," she said—"a trifle. It 'll leave no scar."

"Nothing?" the girl whispered. "A trifle? You don't understand."

Miss Perrin dipped her handkerchief in a glass of water on the table, squeezed the handkerchief out. She didn't like the Luis de Yrons of the world—or their spies. "Hold still," she said curtly.

Feeling the girl's intent regard on her, she cleaned the blood from the girl's cheek.

"*Señora*," Raquel said suddenly, "have you in your country the story of Cinderella?"

Miss Perrin, taking the girl's hand to wipe the stain from her fingers, met her dark eyes for a moment, saw a desperate and baffling appeal.

"Can you imagine," Raquel breathed, "what it might have meant for Cinderella if she had had to go home with—with a brand on her forehead

same instant, she glimpsed something else. From behind the girl, a hand snaked through the hedge . . .

that she had received in a place where she had no business to be? Received before witnesses?"

She turned her head slightly, glancing towards the open window. Following the glance, Miss Perrin saw that the card-players were standing there, watching curiously. Just then the waiter, who had run back inside, returned with an angry, unshaven man in shirtsleeves, obviously the proprietor.

"I know what you think me," the girl whispered to Miss Perrin. "But I'm not what you think. You could help me—to stay alive. You could help me."

"You'll be all right now," said Miss Perrin crisply.

She put her things back into her handbag. All her movements were decisive, but there was no decision in her, only doubt and suspicion and uncertainty. "I'm not what you think me—you could help me to stay alive" . . . But it was not her business. All this was nothing to do with her.

The proprietor stormed up belligerently. "What goes on here? Who used a knife here? This is a police matter. Eladio, run for the police."

The waiter turned to obey, but the young man who had been with Raquel appeared now in the gap in the hedge. He heard the order, and he caught the waiter by the arm. "Now, wait a minute. There's no need of the police."

"It was you?" the proprietor shouted.

"Talk sense," the young man said bitterly. "I was sitting with her. It was someone the other side of the hedge. I went after him, but never got a glimpse." He tossed a coin on to the table, picked up his jacket, which had fallen from his shoulders when he plunged through the hedge. "Come on," he said to the girl. "Let's get out of this."

Raquel walked with him to the gap, but she paused there and looked back at Miss Perrin. The young man put an arm about the girl's shoulders, protectively, urgently.

"Come on," he said.

"I'm coming with you," said Miss Perrin abruptly. "I have to know what you meant."

She gathered up her parcels and accompanied Raquel and the young man out into the moonlit market-place. From the street where the celebrations were going on, fireworks streaked high above the rooftops and burst in patterns and cascades of flame. Raquel was speaking swiftly to her companion, whom she called José. He nodded several times, then turned and took Miss Perrin's parcels from her.

"This way," he said.

He led Miss Perrin and Raquel into a narrow alley. He turned to the right, into another alley, to the left into yet another. Presently they came out on to what seemed to be dune-like wasteland. Acrid smoke drifted across it from some smouldering refuse dump. Miss Perrin felt sand, yielding and dry, under her feet, and she glimpsed the silver glimmer of the sea and, in the distance, a pulsing flame of ignited gases above a tall chimney. Squat shanties and gaunt, tall houses were dotted about at seeming random on this wasteland. They stopped at the rear of one of the houses. José rapped a signal on the door. The door opened. José whispered to someone inside. A juke-box was jangling somewhere in the house. José led the way in, up a flight of garishly tiled stairs. He opened a door, and Miss Perrin, with Raquel following her, walked into a small, brightly-lighted, board-floored room containing a round table ringed with wine-slops, and half a dozen chairs. Drink advertisements hung on the whitewashed walls, the window shutters were closed.

Miss Perrin was breathing hard, perspiring, and her legs felt numb from the trudge across the sand. She sat down thankfully on one of the straight, wooden chairs, too tired even to wonder where she was or what Tom would think if he could see her now.

A woman came into the room, She wore a soiled evening gown, was smoking a cigar, and had a frizz of piebald hair, half-blonde, half-brunette. She put a bottle of brandy and three glasses on the table, glanced curiously at Miss Perrin.

"You're in luck," she said to José. "We were raided an hour ago. They took Roca and his brother. They won't come back here now. You're safe enough here."

"Thanks, Paca," José said.

The woman went out, closing the door, and Raquel sat down opposite Miss Perrin across the table.

"*Nowhere* is safe to-night," Raquel said. "There are raids everywhere—part of a big clean-up of Yron's. He's out at the garrison headquarters—taking charge personally, co-ordinating the whole operation. He'll be back in the morning. I'm supposed to stay in my room at the Hotel Avenida—in case he telephones me to do some errand for him in the city. I don't think he's likely to call, but, in case he does, I've a friend there who'll tell him she can't wake me, that I've been drinking. It's a thin story, if he *should* call, but I don't think he will—he has his hands full. But I've got to be back in that room at the hotel before dawn without fail. Dawn comes early. Still—" she smiled faintly at Miss Perrin—"Cinderella had only till midnight, hadn't she?"

José, still standing, said impatiently, "Raquel—if, as you say, this lady can help us——"

"This lady," Raquel said, "would not help the kind of person she thought I was."

"*Señora*," said José, "a day will come when the ruling clique for which Yron is the hatchet man will be

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Christmas-Eve ("We dine early—be in time")—Arrival of Guests: The title drawing of "Christmas Visitors," a series of sketches by Randolph Caldecott, which were first published in The Graphic *(now incorporated in* THE SPHERE*) in December* 1876

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S CHRISTMAS

A "Sphere" Link with the 'Eighties

On left—
Carrying in the boar's head: One of Caldecott's line drawings which illustrated the edition of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas," which was published by Macmillan and Co. in 1876

"There was snow on the ground . . . and Mr. Mallow . . . with a number of his cronies in hunting apparel, escorted us home from church."—From "Diana Wood's Wedding," published in The Graphic *in December* 1883

FOR eighty years now Randolph Caldecott has held a well-deserved popularity as a classic of the nursery. The sound realism, good humour and beautiful timing of his story-telling in pictures has been valued by one generation of severely critical infants after another. If he had done nothing but his Picture Books—*John Gilpin*, *The Great Panjandrum*, *The House that Jack Built*, and the rest—he would deserve a higher reputation as a master illustrator than he has among adults. He made a new sort of book for the young and created a good world for them. That he has been taken for granted and endlessly imitated is not a thing that would have worried him.

Born in 1846, he had only forty years of life, early shadowed by rheumatic fever and heart disease. He was pushed into becoming a bank clerk at the age of fifteen and stuck it in Whitchurch and Manchester for eleven years when he made for London determined to live by drawing. He wanted to be a sculptor or a painter in oils and indeed had some successes at the Royal Academy. But he made his name as an illustrator of books and magazines. This was no grave lowering of standard for an artist of the '70's and '80's of the last century.

The most respected academic painters would supply illustrations for new novels as they appeared in monthly instalments and the standards of craftsmanship in engraving and reproduction of the time have hardly been rivalled since. There had been nothing subordinate about the position of Rowlandson or Cruikshank, and *Pickwick Papers*, after all, began as a scheme for a series of comic drawings to which it was hoped that the young Mr. Dickens would add a little with words.

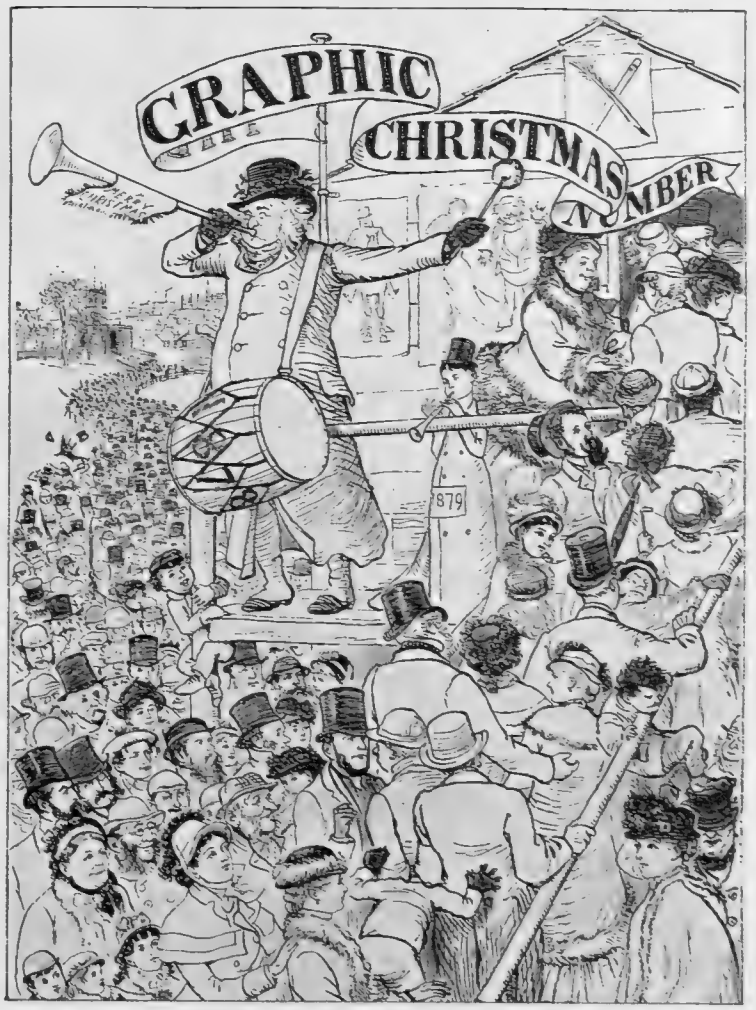
There is an odd and indirect link between Pickwick and Caldecott. Of course we owe a mass of our literary ideas about old-time Christmasses to Dickens' passionate attachment to the theme. I would argue that our picture of Christmas found its most perfect and imitated form in Caldecott. Now Caldecott's first great success was his illustrated version of Washington Irving's *Old Christmas*, which came out in 1876. Caldecott and the engraver James Cooper announced that they were decorating the English section of Irving's *Sketch Book of 1820* "before the remembrance of the good old times, so fast passing, should have entirely passed away." It is an extraordinary double-shift in time. Washington Irving was determined, as Americans often are, that the English should be more picturesque, traditional, eccentric and romantic than appears to the naked eye. So he invented an aristocratic and antiquarian old Squire who made his house and village an island of preserved ancient customs, costumes, songs and revelry—particularly at Christmas. Sixteen years

"On reaching the church-porch, we found the parson rebuking the grey-headed sexton for having used mistletoe."—Another illustration to "Old Christmas"

"Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances."—This sketch and, on right, the "Christmas Mummery" were also made for Washington Irving's "Old Christmas"

"23rd December.—Delayed by deep snow on roads in Shropshire. Had to push behind."—from "Mr. Carlyon's Christmas," published in The Graphic *in December* 1881

"27th, 28th and 29th December.—Snowed up. Innocent indoor recreations, music, flirtations, etc."—Another Graphic *sketch in the "Mr. Carlyon's Christmas" series*



Randolph Caldecott's design for the cover of The Graphic Christmas Number *in* 1878

later Dickens found that squire a very handy model for Pickwick's Mr. Wardle who might be his twin brother—though less feudal and learned. And later still Caldecott found the story a perfect theme for a visual plunge into the past.

Caldecott's Christmas world, still being echoed on our Christmas cards, is a mixture of his memories of a country childhood and of an invented ideal eighteenth century. *Old Christmas* gave him the chance to leave the town and all modern inventions behind. He could slip his people into elegant or preposterous fancy dress, surround them with snow and make them happily warm, dancing, over-eating or, better still, careering round the countryside in coaches or on horseback. To get to his dream world you had to drive through snowdrifts in danger from highway-men but when you arrived you could be sure to find a hunt or a feast or a party well supplied with beautiful girls, crusty old characters, and children.

Illness sent Caldecott travelling each year to Italy, Brittany, Germany and spas and seaside resorts in England. So he used this experience not only to illustrate the travel books of his friend Henry Blackburn, but as material for elegantly-decorated "letters" to *The Graphic* (now incorporated in THE SPHERE). These letters, apart from the charm and accuracy of their drawing, had an easy, unpretentious familiarity which was something new in periodical journalism. They were the lightest feature in *The Graphic* and became one of the most popular. Love stories and gentle satire soon broke into the traveller's observations and eventually Caldecott's "correspondence" was taking several pages in colour which even the most flexible news editor could hardly pretend was news. So they cheerfully made these respectable ancestors of the strip cartoon into supplements for special summer or Christmas numbers. The summer tales ceased to record the realities of Buxton or Trouville or Monte Carlo, and might as well have had Arcadia as their dateline.

The winter supplements came from a country which is on no map and was lightly alleged to have something to do with the diaries of the illustrator's ancestors. Of course a careful eye might notice that an imaginary ancestral home was very like Aston Hall or that an inn strongly resembled the one at Whitchurch or a church had a strong look of that at Malpas. But then Caldecott liked to get things right. He knew that children will accept fantasy if it is surrounded with good, solid, recognisable detail. And he agreed with children—which may be why his fairy-story Christmas has settled so firmly into our popular mythology.

Frederick Laws

Millais after 50 years

THE STORY OF "CHERRY RIPE"

IN November 1880, the *Graphic* announced that its Christmas Number for the year would include a reproduction in colour of a portrait specially painted for the issue by J. E. Millais. This was "Cherry Ripe." In the ensuing seventy-eight years the picture has had a strange story. After attaining world-wide popularity, it was almost entirely forgotten and only within the last few months has its existence been brought again to the attention of the public. The *Graphic*, of course, for a long time has been incorporated in THE SPHERE.

The painting is dated 1879. In that year Miss Edie Ramage, a niece of Mr. Thomas, the editor of the *Graphic*, went to that periodical's fancy-dress ball impersonating Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Penelope Boothby." According to J. G. Millais, in *The Life and Letters* of his father, she was thought so charming that later she was dressed again in this costume and taken to the artist's studio. Millais was delighted with his little model and agreed on the spot that he should paint a portrait of the child and that the fee should be 1,000 guineas.

Thus the *Graphic* acquired the rights in the picture which was to be the chief attraction of the Christmas Number for 1880. It was reproduced in fourteen colours. No fewer than 400,000 copies of the issue were printed and for sale on December 6. A fortnight later the *Graphic* stated that "many thousands of Subscribers could not obtain the Christmas Number when published—100,000 having been ordered by the Trade above the number produced." Therefore a special re-issue numbering 50,000 of the Millais plate by itself would be made at the price of one shilling.

There is no doubt at all that this was rapidly sold out. J. G. Millais tells us that had unsatisfied orders been met the issue would have reached a million; "indeed, the publisher had to return several thousand pounds in cash and sustain actions at law for damages for non-delivery."

The following year, in 1881, "Cherry Ripe" was engraved in mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A., and was further popularised by wood engraving. These and the *Graphic* reproduction had an enormous circulation all over the world. The artist received a most impressive fan mail from the remotest parts of the globe. His son quotes a correspondent from Athole Bank, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, on January 1, 1882, who enclosed some verses of his own composition—"a humble greeting"—in honour of "Cherry Ripe" with this letter:

"Though an obscure backwoodsman like myself can hardly expect to receive even an echo to the foregoing humble greeting (pardonable I trust at this festive season) I shall at least have given myself the satisfaction of expressing some little portion of the gratitude of Canadians towards one who has done so much to brighten the homes of the Anglo-Saxon race all the world over with his wonderful creations."

It would be interesting to know what happened to the hundreds of thousands of copies of the picture which were so eagerly bought in the 1880's. Have all of them been thrown away? Or do a few of them still adorn walls of attics or little-used rooms, or lie in piles of aged and yellowed newspapers and periodicals?

The original painting itself was sold by the proprietors of the *Graphic* to C. J. Wertheimer and exhibited in Paris in 1889 and in the Royal Academy in London in 1898. Soon afterwards it was bought by Sir Joseph Robinson. With him the portrait's story takes a strange twist.

Robinson was one of that band of multi-millionaires who made their riches from South African gold in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He was something of an eccentric, wearing a white pith helmet in all climates, on one occasion appearing with it in formal evening dress in London, where he took a lease of Dudley House in Park Lane in 1894. The mansion possessed a private art gallery and soon the new tenant, who was then fifty-four years old, was buying pictures to fill it. He purchased with a discrimination which might appear unusual in one who had hitherto had little chance of learning æsthetic appreciation. But Robinson had remarkable judgment in many fields. For example, he foresaw far more clearly than most of his contemporaries the long-term political outcome of the Boer War, which he strove to avert. The walls of his art gallery in Dudley House were covered with works by Rembrandt, Murillo, Tiepolo, Hals, the Ruisdaels, Boucher and Gainsborough, to name a few masters. Millais was small fry in such company. But Robinson had no hesitation in acquiring living artists, among them Alma-Tadema. The treasures in the private gallery in Park Lane were seen by the privileged few. In 1910 Robinson gave up his lease and returned to South Africa, to Hawthornden, his home in the Cape Peninsula. Being able to do things in the grand manner he bought, before leaving London, a house in Bayswater Road. There he stored his pictures. Some time later they were removed to a depository, where, except for one odd interlude, they remained until this year.

Professor Ellis Waterhouse has recorded the facts about this strange incident. In 1923 Robinson instructed Messrs. Christie's to sell the greater part of his art collection. Needless to say, the auction was widely advertised. The owner arrived in London on the eve of the sale. He was an old man of eighty-three but he had himself taken in a wheelchair to look at the pictures waiting for the hammer. Apparently he had second thoughts and could not bring himself to part from his treasures. It was too late to stop the sale. The only hope was to put prohibitive reserve prices on them—and buy them in himself. With few exceptions this is what Robinson did.

The pictures went back into store and in 1929, when Robinson died, they passed into the hands of one of his daughters, Princess Labia. In the summer of this year, as result of the generosity of the Princess and the enterprise of Sir Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy, the public were able to see the Robinson Collection in a special exhibition at Burlington House in London. Since then the pictures have been dispatched to South Africa.

"Cherry Ripe"—by John Everett Millais

Such is the explanation for the title on this and the following two pages of the title "Millais After Fifty Years." The paintings are not, as has been mentioned, the best among the Robinson acquisitions. But, again as should be apparent, THE SPHERE, with its *Graphic* affiliation, has a particular interest in "Cherry Ripe." In conclusion one may perhaps consider the merits of Millais, as we study him to-day, and of "Cherry Ripe" in particular.

Millais has suffered, as do all who attain great contemporary fame, in the estimation of his immediate posterity. The fluctuations of individual renown are one of the fascinations of the study of history. His best work was undoubtedly done when he was a despised and rejected Pre-Raphaelite. When he moved into the class of "fashionable" painters, he was applauded out of all proportion to his talents. (So was Tadema, who was among the early recipients of the Order of Merit.) The next generation inevitably took their revenge. By the 1920's poor Millais was regarded as a joke, fit only for calendars and biscuit tins. With the re-instatement or re-appraisal of the Pre-Raphaelites, his stock sank still lower, for he was spurned as a "deserter" from the Brotherhood. Such strictures were unfair. Although he was never a profound thinker, his technique was extremely competent. As one critic has put it: "If his art was on the surface, it was not in the ordinary sense superficial." He had several virtues, not least being his sympathy with normal humanity and his lack of morbidity.

The resurrection of "Cherry Ripe" may help to put him in his proper perspective. It is not a great portrait, in the sense that Reynolds' "Penelope Boothby" is. But at the time of its creation it gave great pleasure to countless men and women throughout the world. And even the cynic must justify its existence, for it provoked the cartoon from the ever-incomparable Max Beerbohm: "A Momentary Vision that once befell young Millais."

THE MISTLETOE GATHERER

CINDERELLA

Millais after 50 years

VARIETY OF MOODS

from the Robinson Collection

The four pictures by John Everett Millais reproduced on this page were among those shown to the public for the first time in this century in the exhibition of the Sir Joseph Robinson Collection at the Royal Academy this year. Over eighty canvases, many by outstanding masters, were lent by Sir Joseph's daughter, Princess Labia. "The Mistletoe Gatherer" is dated 1884. For "Cinderella" (1881) the model was Miss Beatrice Buckstone (later Mrs. Walter Warren). She was the grand-daughter of the comedian J. B. Buckstone. The artist is said to have seen her playing in *Good Fortune* at the St. James's Theatre and to have persuaded her parents to allow her to sit for three of his pictures. "Shelling Peas" has inscribed in the upper right corner, "To Frederick Leighton from John Everett Millais 7 March '89." Millais presented this painting to Leighton in return for the gift of a statuette. The latter artist was then President of the Royal Academy. On his death in 1896, Millais succeeded him; but died within six months. The sitters for "Getting Better" (1876) were the painter's two children, Alice and John Guille Millais.

SHELLING PEAS

GETTING BETTER

Millais after 50 years

SEASONS AT MURTHLY

Aspects of the Artist's Home

In 1881 John Everett Millais took a lease of Murthly Castle, in Perthshire, and lived there for the next ten years. These two pictures, both of which belong to the Sir Joseph Robinson collection, were painted in the grounds. Above is "The Old Garden," which was painted in 1888 and exhibited in the Royal Academy in the two following years before it passed into the possession of Robinson. J. G. Millais, the son of the artist, in *The Life and Letters of Sir J. E. Millais*, relates this anecdote : "To emphasise the tone of sadness he sought to convey, Millais at first painted in the figure of a widow (and I think also of a child) wandering amidst the scenes of bygone happiness, but as he could not get the figures to his satisfaction he wisely painted them out." "The Old Garden" is plainly a summer scene. The picture below it, "Christmas Eve, 1887 (Murthly Castle)," gives a winter view. The trees, for which Murthly is still noted, may be among the most famous in history—or certainly drama. For nearby is Birnam Wood. Possibly in both paintings some of the branches depicted may be the successors to those which went to Dunsinane.

Millais was nearing the end of his life at Murthly. He died in 1896 at the age of sixty-seven. During his stay in Scotland he was created a baronet at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone and received many other honours. He was at the height of his fame and one of the most popular painters of his time. Possibly he sometimes looked back to his Pre-Raphaelite beginnings, to the influence which Rossetti had upon him, and to the scorn and ridicule heaped by the critics upon the Brotherhood. He remembered, and painted into "The Old Garden" the symbols of lost happiness. Then, recollecting his present circumstances, he very wisely, as his son put it, painted them out.

Christmas Under Racing Sail

by ALAN VILLIERS

(Captain Villiers Sailed the Mayflower II *on her Historic, Trans-Atlantic Voyage Last Year)*

I NEVER knew life aboard a clipper ship. There were a few about when I went to sea, such as the noble old *Coriolanus* and the immortal *Cutty Sark*, both then under the Portuguese flag, and some of the grand semi-clippers like the lovely *Hesperus*. She had become a Russian school-ship of sorts when I saw her deserted in a Bordeaux dock one day in 1921. They were big wind-blown ships that I sailed in—great, wall-sided warehouses of ships according to the clipper-sailor's view, over-sparred, full of labour-saving gadgets that cluttered up the decks, and sometimes undermanned.

The British clippers (according to Basil Lubbock) had one other distinction I never knew in a "Lime-juice" ship at sea. They carried full British crews. It seems difficult to believe that there was not a single squarehead of any sort fore or aft, nor a Finn carpenter, nor a Yank anywhere, nor a Chinese cook in any of them, in their glorious heyday. A homogeneous crew of good British seamen aboard a well-run clipper must have made splendid shipmates. The tradition that they left was still fostered, still very much alive, when first I trod an old barque's worn wooden decks, though my barque's crew of twenty men and boys reckoned eleven different nationalities and none among them could remember when it had been otherwise.

Aye, the tradition was the same, though the barque was parish-rigged (as seamen say, meaning she was about as well fitted-out by her impoverished and penny-pinching owners as some poor old soul thrown on the mercy of the parish at home), and far from smart. And the tradition was the same, I found, when I had to sail in other nations' ships to remain in deep-water square-rig at all—the tradition, the superstitions, the observance of the great religious festivals. Christmas, for example, was always the greatest of these. We did what we could about it, just as the men in the clippers had done.

Generally, it found us running our Easting down, either outward bound towards Australia from North Europe somewhere or running deep-laden towards the Horn, scupper-deep with golden wheat or solid, heavy nitrates from some west coast port. Always the exacting, rigorous routine of the ship must go on, despite our minimum and exceedingly youthful crews, despite whatever the sea and its violent winds might seek to do to us, despite calendars, holidays, and all else ! The ship must survive and make her voyage, successfully if humanly possible and with the utmost dispatch, at sea and in port, without accident, without loss. To this aim all else was subservient.

I have seen us—aye, and have been one of the little band that did the job—drive a great steel storehouse of a ship, 3,000 tons of her, 328 ft. on the water-line, 180 ft. from that same water-line to the tops of her steel and steel-stayed masts, with 5,500 tons of sacked grain down below from Australia to England in eighty-three days, around the Horn, and that with a crew of twenty-three all told, and the average age seventeen. Seventeen ! Master, watchkeeping officers, and all—she carried the minimum tradesmen (carpenter, sail-maker, bos'n), minimum watchkeeping officers (and that was two), six able seamen and the rest boys.

We had a Christmas aboard her, too, in a westerly gale of wind racing for the Horn. For we always raced, or did our best, though we were aboard no clipper. We raced because she was a good taut ship and well-run, for all her crew of boys and the enormous spread of her great sails. We raced because—why, that was the tradition. Do your best at all times, for ever alert, for ever on the job and competent and fearless and willing ! That was the tradition, handed down to us from the clipper ships. That was the way of it, with boys or men (and good boys were a lot better than bad men). But once Christmas almost rushed past us, which was perhaps not altogether a thing to be wondered at at the time.

It was one of those so-common westerly gales of far southern latitudes, beginning somewhere west of north with the glass falling and a sullen, rising sea, and a lot of heavy rain to wet the sails and all the gear and all the sailors' clothes—such as they had—and make things wholly miserable fore and aft, and the ship wallowing and flinging herself about as if flexing her iron muscles for the approaching contest. And so quickly the wind rising, with its queer orchestra of howling shrieks and screams and frightening roaring, in the complexity of rigging, and the watch-keeping officer alert and ever ready in the lee of a bit of canvas called a weather-cloth, lashed in the wind'ard jigger rigging just above the pin-rail. The only purpose that it served was to allow him to peer round a corner to windward, briefly, without filling his eyes with the stinging, driving sea salt and the rain. Always the wind kept rising, rising ! And the sea with it, of course.

We knew these down-south gales. A ship like ours must use them, just as the clippers did and all good sailing-ships have always done. If you feared the gales, you had best stay in port and take no sailing-ship out upon the sea. No, no ! There must be no hesitation, no excessive shortening-down. She drove on under everything but the veriest kites, the three royals and the flying-jib, and the triangle of a gaff tops'l, for we had taken these off her when the wind began to freshen. She couldn't carry all sail in high winds, of course. No ship could, and no one but a fool would ask a ship to do any such thing. The art of ship-driving, of passage-making in those hard latitudes, was to keep the maximum spread of canvas up which gave maximum speed, *and no more*. A square-rigger had her best speed. That reached, over-drive was foolish and could wash men overboard, smash the masts out of her, carry away her gear, to the achievement of no good at all.

So we carefully shortened down as the wind increased, keeping always that great black four-poster rushing onwards at her utmost stride, amenable to the helm, not flinging her hull under the greatest seas, though the Lord knows she was wet enough all the time, for she 'd run like a half-tide rock ever since we 'd cleared the Gulf three weeks before. At first the wind was on her port beam, drawing slowly aft as it freshened and the squalls grew. The two mates watched those squalls, and the captain was on deck constantly, also watching. Mate relieved mate each four hours, in the night watches, but the captain was there always. He knew and they knew roughly what that wind could be expected to do. After all, it was just another in that long succession of westerly gales that tear in tumult round the wild and watery world down south of Fifty, and ships must use them. It would howl itself to gale strength first from the north-west and maybe blow from there for a day or two, and the nights—especially the nights. Then it could be expected to make a sudden jump—almost at any time it could jump eight points, maybe even more.

But those down-south gales played fair by sailors who watched them with skill and tireless vigilance, unlike their brutish sisters of the horrid North Atlantic. There 'd be a bit of warning—a clearing on the horizon away to the south-west or south-south-west, a cessation of the rain, an upward flick of the glass. True, the glass was down below or in the chart-house, maybe, and how did you see a slight clearing to the south-west or anywhere else in the murky, rain-filled night ? You *had* to see it, and be ready when it came ! For the square-rigged ship must never be caught by her lee, have the wind leap round astern of her and

(*Concluded on page 58*)

By permission of the Parker Gallery

The 633*-ton clipper ship* Coonatto*—from the coloured lithograph by and after T. G. Dutton, which was published by W. Foster in* 1863. *The* Coonatto *was the first composite clipper (made of wood and iron) to be built for the Orient Line and was launched by Bilbe in* 1863. *Her first skipper was Captain William Begg. She was an "extreme" clipper with very slim and fine lines (consequently she was a wet ship) and made some exceptionally fast runs—notably to Adelaide in* 66 *days. On one occasion she made the same run in* 70 *days after broaching-to and losing her helmsman and wheel overboard.* Coonatto *ended her days when she was stranded near Beachy Head in* 1876

(A reproduction of an oil painting, specially done for The Sphere *by Montague Dawson, showing life on board a clipper at Christmas, is on the following pages.)*

Christmas in a clipper, one of those fastest and most graceful of sailing ships in the last century, was anything but a time of festivities for those engaged on a voyage which required rounding the Horn. In his painting Montague Dawson gives a vivid impression of the grim and unending battle against the fury of the elements off the southernmost point of the American continent in December. A storm is blowing up and a snow squall is coming with it. The officer giving the orders is the Mate and the men are jumping to it, up the port shrouds to make fast some of the gear aloft.

CHRISTMAS OF

From the oil painting by MO

F THE HORN

NTAGUE DAWSON

The deck-house, with the boats on the chocks on its top, would have been where the apprentices usually had their quarters. The vessel is running with the gale, the wind being abaft the beam, with her fore-course set, and some fore-and-aft sails. The main effort of the crew is directed to keeping their ship from being driven close to the shore, and almost certain disaster. With the clippers, sail reached its finest and, alas, its last days. The sharp-prowed vessels were built for speed, and stories of the feats of such as *Cutty Sark* and *Taeping* never fail to stir the imagination.

" Return from the Kermess," by Peter Breugel the Younger (" Hell " Breugel)

SUMMER AND WINTER

By Dutch Masters of the Sixteenth–Seventeenth Centuries

Dutch and Flemish landscape often delights the eye because of the animated scenes portrayed. The two pictures on this page are no exception. Both were exhibited at the Slatter Gallery in London in the summer of 1958. " Winter " is reproduced here by courtesy of Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid. Its painter, Joos de Momper the Younger, was born in 1564 in Antwerp and came of a family of painters. He died in 1634. He travelled extensively before settling in his birthplace, where he specialised in hilly landscapes and winter scenes. He painted landscape backgrounds for some of Rubens' easel pictures and other important artists often provided the figures for his own pictures. The most intriguing figure in " Winter " is the hunched wagoner. Is he cold, or in a bad temper, or both ?

Peter Breugel the Younger was also born in 1564, but in Brussels. Later he too lived in Antwerp. He has not the fame of his father, Peter the Elder or of his uncle, Jan " Velvet " Breugel. Peter the Younger was nicknamed " Hell " Breugel because of his inclination for painting frightful and eccentric subjects. " Return from the Kermess," however, is a pleasing work, showing a boisterous scene after a fair with a tired child and an unfortunate sitting under the tree-stump who may have been over-served with liquor.

" Winter," by Joos de Momper the Younger

By permission of M. Bernard

A Study in Criticism

Very little, if anything, can be stated about this painting. The name of the artist appears to be F. Leclercq. Although there are numerous Leclercqs in biographical dictionaries, research has so far failed to identify any of them with this canvas. The period, one would presume from the clothes, is perhaps three-quarters of the way through the nineteenth century. A first judgment is to place the scene in France since the letters visible on the portfolio form part of the French word for water-colours—*Aquarelles*. But on reflection it could equally well be in Belgium or even, conceivably, in England, the painter being a man named Fred Clark who found the adoption of a foreign-sounding name of material benefit to his art in that country of Philistines. Are we by any chance looking at a self-portrait? Or was F. Leclercq a woman? Speculation on these lines can be endless.

Next, what does the picture represent? Have the mother and daughter (surely that must be their right relationship) come only to study, criticise or admire? Or is there a romance in the air? Probably not, because mamma does not look disapproving, which is surprising since the man is so lacking in good manners that he sits in the presence of the ladies. (Perhaps the beauty of his younger visitor has so bowled him over that he has lost the use of his legs.)

Finally, the assumption of the date of the painting may be wrong. An artist does not have to work strictly to his contemporary period. Leclercq may still be alive. Almost certainly he (or she) is the only person who could solve the problem of this very pleasant picture. If the artist did turn up, it would be a complement to the story of "Cherry Ripe" (see page 26). The model for the Millais painting came to London last summer.

HUNTING SCENES

By the Eighteenth-century English Artist J. N. Sartorius

These two gouaches of hunting scenes by J. N. Sartorius formed the originals for two of four plates, under which were inscribed verses from Somerville's " Chase," engraved in line by J. Peltro and J. Neagle in London, and published by J. Harris, of the Royal Exchange in London, in 1790, and re-issued in 1795. Above is " Brushing into Cover " and below " The Death." These are reproduced by permission of M. Bernard, of Ryder Street, St. James's. The other two were " The Chase " and " At Fault." Coming from a family which specialised in painting hunting scenes, John N. Sartorius was born, it is believed, about 1755 and died about 1828. His father also painted horses and, likewise, his elder son, whose work is often difficult to distinguish from the elder painter's. Living in London and exhibiting at the Royal Academy from 1781 to 1824, he painted mainly sporting subjects, many of them engraved in mezzotint and aquatint.

". . . round a corner was the Great Man himself. . . . Father Christmas plunged his hand into the sack and pulled out a parcel which he gave to you"

CHRISTMAS BAZAARS IN THE 'NINETIES

The Stores Put on Glittering Shows Before the Days of Artificial Entertainment

by W. MACQUEEN-POPE

TO many people who were children at the end of the last century, Christmas was a far greater landmark than it is to the youngsters of to-day. It was a time of enchantment. The old jingle " Christmas comes but once a year, But when it comes, it brings good cheer "—really meant something to them. It meant all the more because the Christmas goods did not get into the shops in mid-September, and the public were never reminded all the time that there were only so many more shopping days to Christmas.

The Festive Season had not become commercialised as it is to-day. Not that trades-people were not just as wide awake and eager for business. They were even more astute. But they saw no point in selling everything before the real shopping season started. They believed in concentration—and in dazzling the shoppers' eyes with a display of seasonable goods at a time when they were inclined to buy and in a spending mood. They swept them off their feet in, roughly, a fortnight's intensive shopping—when nobody stopped to count the cost but people bought eagerly and were not nearly so choosy as when months stretched before them.

Shops kept open much longer each day, and the idea was Service. Christmas was Christmas, not a period of special trading spread over months. It was a great and glorious time of excitement for all concerned.

It would be hypocrisy to pretend that shopkeepers did not take advantage of it to make money. They sold good solid things, at reasonable prices—but there were sidelines, of course. And those sidelines were often aimed at the Children, for then, as now, Christmas was Children's-time. Big stores—large drapers' establishments which had floor space—never missed a special line which was extremely profitable to them and at the same time a source of immense excitement and delight—not to say wonder—to the young people. The big emporia always ran a Christmas bazaar. That was one of Yuletide's great events. It was something to which children looked forward when Christmas drew near and which their parents were not allowed to miss. It was one of the " Musts " of Christmas.

The bazaars were not only great displays of toys. Each had a special feature. Naturally, you paid to see it and that made it all the more exciting, for what is free means nothing at all, but what costs money definitely has a value. For a child to be ill at Christmas was always something of a tragedy. They got their presents—usually in rather more lavish supply than if they had been well—but they missed one essential of the season and it almost broke their hearts. They could not go to the Christmas Bazaar.

Those children of sixty years ago were not the grown-up sophisticated young ladies and gentlemen of to-day—who know the world and all about it. The world still held wonders cloaked by distance. Those children had no cinema or television to bring the far-off corners of the world—and even glimpses of Fairyland—to their eyes. For such things as that they were dependent on books, their own imaginations—which were pretty good—and . . . the Christmas Bazaar. For the real Christmas Bazaar—which was an annexe to the Toy Display—was an enclosed place which held wonders. It also held Father Christmas, or Santa Claus—whichever you liked to call him.

That old gentleman might be seen in smaller shops, in the glory of his red robe and hood and very obvious false hair and beard, but to the children who went to bazaars he always seemed a bit synthetic, although they had perhaps never heard of that word. It was the Father Christmas who was to be seen in the wonders which the bazaar disclosed who was, they were sure, the genuine article. He did not belong to streets or shop floor, he belonged to strange faraway places, from which he came in his sleigh drawn by his reindeers. That seemed reasonable. They did not like their Father Christmas to be too much of a mixer—he should be aloof, like Royalty. And in those days Royalty was very aloof.

(*Continued on following pages*)

CHRISTMAS BAZAARS IN

Illustrated by

(*Continued from previous page*)

As soon as the children heard there was to be, as usual, a Christmas bazaar at the big local store (or shop as it was always called), the excitement began. They clamoured to go, long before it was opened. They wanted to know all about it. No child can bear to wait, they must go at once. The annoying, infuriating elders, who did not seem excited at all, always fobbed them off with enigmatic and stupid replies. " All in good time " they would say, " everything comes to him who waits."

No child believed that—and anyway where was the sense in waiting? To their enquiries as to what they would see, they were told " Those who live longest will see most." Could anything be more awful? What terrible people grown-ups were! Those good folk, who imagined that this method inculcated discipline and good manners into the young character, can have no idea of the fury and the almost murderous rage which burned within. There were a few adults who understood—those excellent people who had never grown up entirely—and they would do their best to help. The reticence and " no hurry " attitude had a bad effect on the children, who worried that they would not have time to go at all, that it would be forgotten and they would miss this gigantic thrill.

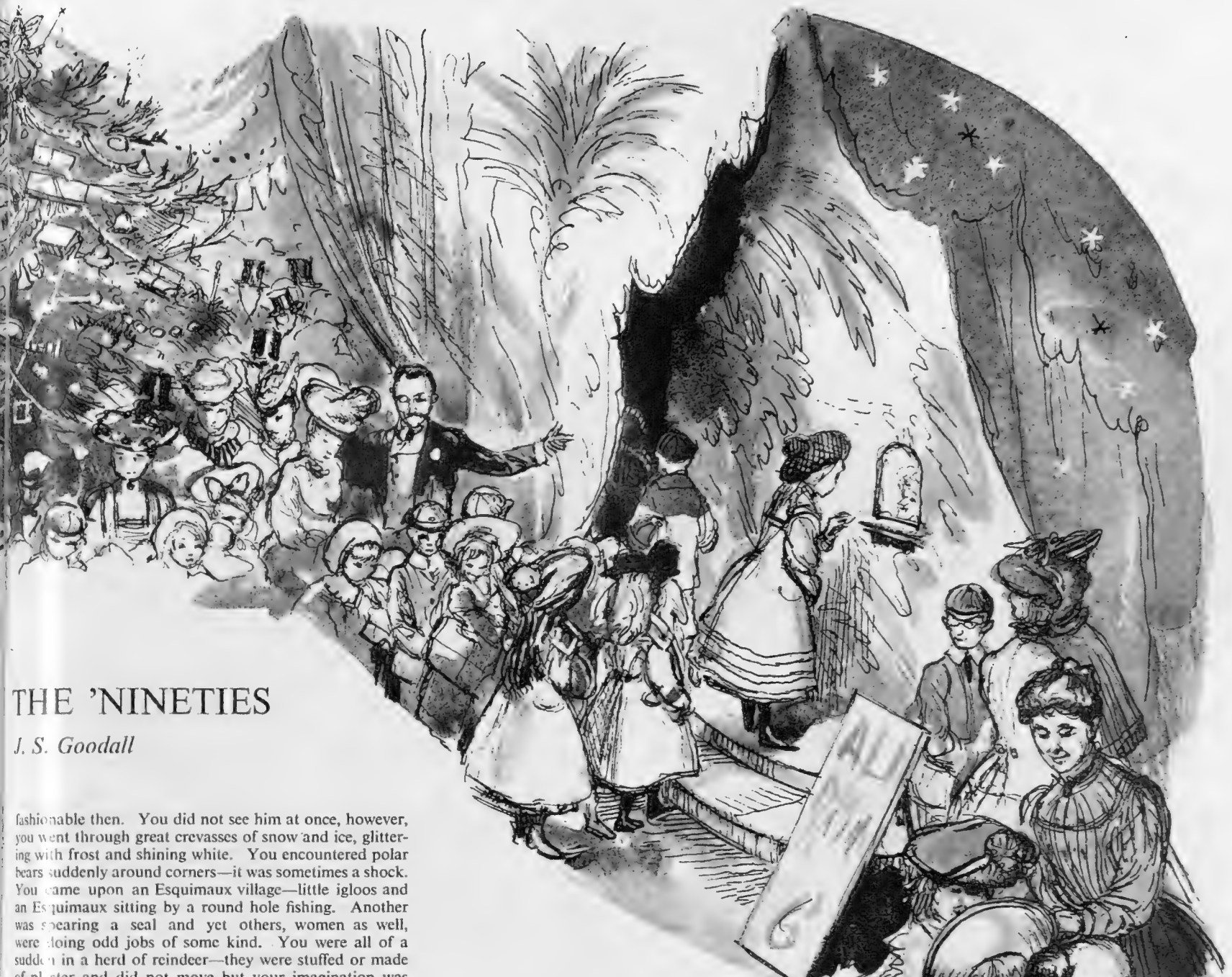
So they badgered their elders and then came the dire threat " One more word about the Bazaar and you won't go there at all." That was terrible, you did not know what to do! But of course you went in the end. They did not forget and the day came when you were told " Now wash your face and hands and get your coat and hat. We are going to the Bazaar." No need for any order to hurry—you went with the speed of light and were back again, panting and eager. You fretted at every moment of waiting and when you did set off you ran on ahead to try and set a pace, or tugged at a hand to hurry these slow-moving adults along. Perhaps you went by tram or horse bus, perhaps you just walked. And if so, you walked on air. Your great fear was that your people would meet friends and stop and talk . . . but at last you reached the store.

There was a great crowd going through the doors, and many children with them, all as excited as you were. Some were coming out. They had seen the wonders and were hugging parcels. Glory! You protested when your escort said " Let 's do the shopping first " and your heart stood still. Fortunately someone more sensible thought it not much use lugging parcels around and so you pushed through the crowd towards the Bazaar and the special feature. You hardly glanced at the serried toys, tier upon tier of them—no motor-cars, no aeroplanes, but everything else—including carts and horses. They could be seen later. What you wanted to see was what to you was really the Bazaar. And yet those keen, receptive eyes of childhood absorbed all that was within view and missed very little. You were conscious of guns and swords—the guns fashioned still on the pattern of old muskets and with hammerlock—which could, however, fire caps—and had bayonets attached. The swords had no points but square ends to the blades—points were held to be dangerous, but they had gilt guards to their hilts which glittered like gold, gilt sheaths and to them was still attached the sabretache which made them seem real indeed and awoke visions of gay Hussars. Those sabretaches got in the way, however, when worn, and were soon discarded—but they added to the attraction all the same. And there were Daisy airguns.

Oh, if Father Christmas should give you one!—real airguns, which fired either slugs, pellets or darts and which loaded by being " broken " in the middle, when a plunger drew in the air and you clicked the gun together again, ready to fire. Handsome, light, shining weapons these—looking just like real rifles—and they only cost 3s. 6d. . . . every boy desired them and many possessed them. Strangely enough, they did very little damage with them, for fear of confiscation, and when the first supply of slugs or pellets had been exhausted they were seldom renewed. It was enough to use the gun itself and imagine the rest. There were toy pistols, of all kinds, some modelled to look like real revolvers—others more antiquated with a lion's head on the breech—in which was placed the cap; you got caps in little round boxes at a penny per box and they held an incalculable number. There were rows and rows of long boxes of soldiers, lead soldiers, horse, foot and artillery. Every regiment of the British Army was on sale, and they were all correct in detail. You could have Life Guards, Horse Guards, Hussars, Lancers, Dragoons—a shilling a box. The horses of the troopers cantered, but those of the officers reared and pranced proudly—except in the case of Lancer regiments, where the officer sat half-slewed round in his saddle, taking stock of his men. Nobody knew why! There were the Brigade of Guards. And, of course, all the regiments of the Line. All the infantry were marching, except the Highlanders, in their full panoply—who charged perpetually, as seemed natural to them. There were batteries of Royal Artillery, and even a Mule Battery—such as operated on what was then known as the North-West Frontier, and its gun took to pieces and could be loaded on the mules. Those guns fired small pellets or little steel rods slightly thicker than pins. You could purchase many Colonial Regiments and a full range of the wonderful Indian Army. All sorts of toys impressed themselves during that seemingly cursory glance—and the carts all had horses of dapple grey. It seemed *de rigueur*. There were boats of all kinds—mostly under sail, and yachts—always called *Shamrock*, for Sir Thomas Lipton was trying to bring back the America's Cup. All that was noticed just in passing—and so were the innumerable boxes of crackers—called " Bon Bons " by some. Children hoped that what they got for Christmas would not be labelled " Somebody's Luggage "—which meant paper hats—but would hold treasures of jewellery and toys. A considerable portion of the great floor space was shut in by partitions and there was the entrance to the Land of Illusion. This was IT. The partitions were decorated according to the scene set within. And you had your first glimpse of the glories to come.

It is generally considered that Father Christmas lives somewhere in the Arctic Circle amid the eternal snows. Maybe the cold preserves him. But the Christmas Bazaar did not always subscribe to that. There had to be variation. The Father Christmas of the Bazaars was international. Well, why not—did he not pervade the earth? That seemed reasonable. There was just a small sum to be paid to enter—a matter of twopence or threepence. You went through the turnstile. You stepped out of this world into another Universe.

Sometimes, indeed, you did see Father Christmas at the North Pole—never at the South Pole, that was not



THE 'NINETIES

J. S. Goodall

fashionable then. You did not see him at once, however, you went through great crevasses of snow and ice, glittering with frost and shining white. You encountered polar bears suddenly around corners—it was sometimes a shock. You came upon an Esquimaux village—little igloos and an Esquimaux sitting by a round hole fishing. Another was spearing a seal and yet others, women as well, were doing odd jobs of some kind. You were all of a sudden in a herd of reindeer—they were stuffed or made of plaster and did not move but your imagination was now at work. Finally, round a corner, was the Great Man himself, sitting before a cave, draped with icicles, which did not show any sign of melting or drip, smiling a welcome. He wanted to speak to you, he held out his arms. Shy children hung back, bolder ones advanced. For beside him was a vast sack filled with parcels.

This was the real stuff. He asked you your name and age, patted you on the head and turned a questioning eye on your escort. Mostly the escort nodded and then with a wider smile Father Christmas plunged his hand into the sack and pulled out a parcel which he gave to you. There were two sorts of parcels, one larger than the other. If he gave you a larger one, he said a few kind words, if the smaller he just smiled at you, but always he wished you a Merry Christmas. You were enthralled. And then another child took your place and you with your parcel in your arms passed out of an exit which was all too near. . . .

Although the scene varied, the procedure was always the same. One remembers meeting Father Christmas on a South Sea island, in the Sahara Desert, in a coal mine of all places—but the place was thrilling, too—in a Treasure Cave which surely rivalled Aladdin's, and once in a gold mine. Through walls of what seemed to the childish eye to be solid gold one moved in a little truck, propelled by "natives" suitably attired and coloured, although as the day proceeded they got very streaky and piebald, up to the Spirit of Christmas on a great golden throne. It was a thrill, if you like, that gold mine.

There were two troubles. It was all over too soon, and a small lurking doubt had appeared in the childish mind. All children are observant and prone to see what they are not supposed to see. What they had seen was their escorts giving Father Christmas threepence or sixpence before he parted with the parcel. This shook you. You could not understand such commercialism in one who was the great donor of free gifts at his own season. Probably you raised a query with your people and were told that, of course, it was all right. You got the toys he brought you down the chimney on Christmas Eve free, didn't you? Very well then, how do you suppose he got the money to pay all his workmen to make them? "And come along, do. . . ." It gave you food for thought. You saw the logic but in some small minds a lurking doubt took root.

Just by the exit was another thing—a Lucky Tub or Bran Pie; for a few coppers you took a dip and secured another parcel. They were always tightly wrapped up and their shape gave no clue. You could not wait until you got home. Inside, of course, was trash—showing a big profit to the *entrepreneurs*, who also had the admission and gift money. And they did very well. Sometimes you were disappointed with those dip prizes, but somehow among them hung the magic of the Christmas Bazaar and you decided they were all right. They were really penny toys, little puzzles, not very good and not exciting, but they had the aura of the Bazaar about them.

One recalls one's greatest Bazaar Thrill, which did not happen in the Bazaar but outside it in the general store. It was in a world-famous shop which still flourishes. The Bazaar was superb and then one found the wildest excitement one had ever known, a miracle in fact. It was a Moving Staircase—an Escalator—the like of which had never before been seen in London. Niagara, the Victoria Falls, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Seven Wonders of the World were as nothing to this. It was not really a staircase either but an endless and wide strip of canvas constantly moving on rollers which went from the ground to the first floor. You were on this, up to the top and down by the other which descended. And at once you were back on the first one again. You just would not come away—nor would scores, nay hundreds, of other children. This was real Magic . . . and no threats or persuasions could get you off it.

Some children were forcibly removed and rent the air with screams when carried away. Your people were more sensible. One said "Let 's go and buy what we want—he won't move from here," and he did not—he was still at it when, after a long interval, his folks returned. Only the need for tea in that shop—another annual treat—dragged you reluctantly away. You went home in a trance, you still felt the movement, you dreamed about it. That was a Christmas Bazaar to remember and its memory has come down well over sixty years. No children ever quite forgot the thrill of the Christmas Bazaar. It is something their own grandchildren, products of a scientific age, will never know. Believe me, the Bazaar was the high spot of Christmas. You had been to Fairyland indeed. And the shopfolk made a handsome Christmas profit.

THE ISLE OF AVALON

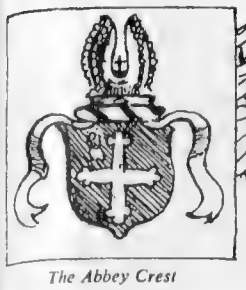
In the Centre of the Area of Somerset
are the Famous Buildings of Glastonbury

Glastonbury Town Crest

The Pilgrim's Inn, in High Street

The Tribunal, or Abbey Court Room

The town of Glastonbury, with the Tor behind it



The Abbey Crest

Illustrations by W. P. Robins, R.W.S., R.E.

Avalon is a romantic-sounding name and there is no disappointment in the approach to its most famous feature—Glastonbury. At the entrance to the town rises the tower of St. John's Church, one of the finest in Somerset, and the background is dominated by the great Tor, a conical hill, which is crowned by St. Michael's Tower.

According to legend, St. Joseph of Arimathea came to Glastonbury, where he buried the Cup of the Last Supper and planted his staff, which immediately blossomed. This was the origin of the Holy Thorn in the Abbey grounds which still blossoms at Christmas. Later, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere are said to have been buried there. What can be stated with certainty is that Glastonbury was an early centre of Christianity in Britain. The ruins of the Abbey draw pilgrims from all over the world. The buildings date from the end of the twelfth century and stand on the site of one, if not more, previous churches. The Abbey must have been a vast and lofty building. At the East End was the Edgar Chapel, the foundations of which were not fully excavated until fifty years ago. South of the nave were the Cloisters and the monastery buildings. Outside them, and still in an excellent state of preservation, is the early fourteenth-century Abbot's Kitchen, a perfect specimen of its kind.

Although the Abbey is inevitably the main attraction, Glastonbury has much else in architectural treasure to delight the visitor. Many medieval structures front the streets and the Pilgrim's Inn, or George Hotel, dates from the fifteenth century, when the pilgrims were so numerous that they could not all be lodged within the Abbey gates.

The Abbot's Kitchen in the Abbey Precincts

The annual service in the ruins of the Chancel in the Abbey

HENRY JAMES AND LAMB HOUSE AT RYE

Extracts from Letters to his Family and Friends by the Famous Novelist

The Garden House, as it was before the last war

"There are," Henry James wrote about his house at Rye, in Sussex, "two rooms of complete old oak—one of them a delightful little parlour, opening by one side into the little vista, church-ward, of the small old-world street, where not one of the half-dozen wheeled vehicles of Rye ever passes; and on the other straight into the garden and the approach, from that quarter, to the garden-house aforesaid, which is simply the making of a most commodious and picturesque study and workroom." It was at Lamb House that Henry James, by now settled in his habit of dictation, produced those works characteristic of his later maturity, culminating in the triad of novels—*The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl.*

Already a confirmed expatriate from America, delighting in the subtle delineation of a fading world of civilisation, he passed the rest of his life from 1898 either in Rye or in London, save for visits abroad to his beloved Italy and to America. With his life at Lamb House, his correspondence to his friends and family, notably to his brother William James and his wife, grew more voluminous; he delighted in his descriptions of his life as a country gentleman, in his improvements to Lamb House and its garden, the joy of traditional English festivities, at Christmas and other times, and the pleasure of his favourite walks through the neighbouring countryside.

Naturalised as a British subject in 1915, Henry James died in Chelsea in 1916. In the Second World War, the garden house at Rye was blitzed and demolished. The rest of Lamb House is now National Trust property and one or two rooms and the gardens may be visited. These extracts from letters Henry James wrote while working in the small house, show the care which he took in the selection of the word particularly apt to convey the atmosphere and charm of the place in which he lived; they show also the cultivated nature and civilised dignity of the man himself.

Drawings by

Terence Freeman

To Mrs. William James

1st December, 1897

. . . I have only taken, a couple of months ago, a little old house in the country—for the rest of my days !—on which, this winter, though it is, for such a commodity, in exceptionally good condition, I shall have to spend money enough to make me quite concentrate my resources. . . . I marked it for my own two years ago at Rye—so perfectly did it, the first instant I beheld it, offer the solution of my long-unassuaged desire for a calm retreat between May and November. It is the very calmest and yet cheerfullest that I could have dreamed—*in* the little old, cobble-stoned, grass-grown, red-roofed town, on the summit of its mi ly pyramidal hill and close to its noble old church—the chimes of which will sound sweet in my goodly old red-walled garden.

The little place is so rural and tranquil, and yet discreetly animated, that its being within the town is, for convenience and immediate accessibility, purely to the good; and the house itself, though modest and unelaborate, full of a charming little stamp and dignity of its period (about 1705) without as well as within. The next time I go down to see to its "doing up," I will try to have a photograph taken of the pleasant little old world town-angle into which its nice old redbricked front, its high old Georgian doorway and a most delightful little old architectural garden-house, perched alongside of it on its high brick garden-wall—into which all these pleasant features together so happily "compose." Two years ago, after I had lost my heart to it—walking over from Point Hill to make sheep's eyes at it (the more so that it is called Lamb House !)—there was no appearance whatever that one could ever have it; either that its fond proprietor would give it up or that if he did it would come at all within one's means. So I simply sighed and renounced; tried to think no more about it; till at last, out of the blue, a note from the good local ironmonger, to whom I had whispered at the time my hopeless passion, informed me that by the sudden death of the owner and the preference (literal) of his son for Klondyke, it might perhaps drop into my lap. Well, to make a long story short, it *did* immediately drop and, more miraculous still to say, on terms, for a long lease, well within one's means—terms quite deliciously moderate.

To Mrs. William James

19th December, 1898

. . . the little brown city and the so amiable countryside were not in July and August a "patch," for charm, colour, "subtlety" and every kind of daily grace, to what they became, in an uninterrupted crescendo, all through October and November. All the good that I hoped of the place has, in fine, profusely bloomed and flourished here. It was really at about the end of September, when the various summer supernumeries had quite faded away, that the special note of Rye, the feeling of the little hilltop community, bound together like a very modest, obscure and impecunious, but virtuous and amiable family, began most unmistakably to come out. This is the present note of life here, and it has floated me (excuse mixture of metaphor) very placidly along. Nothing would induce me now *not* to be here for Christmas and nothing will induce me not to do my best at least to be here for the protrusion of the bulbs—the hyacinths and tulips and crocuses—that, in return for expended shillings, George Gammon promises me for the earliest peep of spring. As he has broken no word with me yet, I trust him implicitly for this. Meantime too I have trusted him, all the autumn, for all sorts of other things as well: we have committed to the earth together innumerable unsightly roots and sprigs that I am instructed to depend upon as the fixed foundation of a future herbaceous and perennial paradise. Little by little, even with other cares, the slowly but surely working poison of the garden-mania begins to stir in my long-sluggish veins.

" . . . we have committed to the earth together innumerable unsightly roots and sprigs . . ."

"The little brown city"

"With such tools as we could command we hacked and pried and sawed . . ."

To A. F. DE NAVARRO

Feb. 27, 1899

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Drama—tableau ! My dear Tony, you are literally my saviour. The above row of stars represent midnight emotions and palpitations of no mean order. As I finished the line just before the stars I became aware that a smell of smoke, a sense of burning that had worried me for the previous hour, had suddenly very much increased and that the room was full of it. *De fil en aiguille*, and in much anxiety, I presently discovered that the said smoke was coming up through the floor between the painted dark-green planks (*dark* green !) of the margin—outside of matting and rugs, and under a table near the fireplace. To assure myself that there was no source of flame in the room below, and then to go up and call my servant, do you see ? (he long since snoring in bed—for it 's now 2.15 a.m.) was the work of a moment. With such tools as we could command we hacked and pried and sawed and tore up a couple of planks—from which volumes of smoke issued ! ! Do you see the midnight little flurry ? Bref, we got *at* it—a charred, smouldering—*long*-smouldering, I suppose—beam under, or almost under, the hearthstone and in process of time kindled—that is heated to smoking-point by its temperature (that of the hearth,) which was very high. We put him out, we made him stop, with soaked sponges—and then the relief: even while gazing at the hacked and smashed and disfigured floors.

On right—

To W. E. NORRIS

December 23rd, 1900

A white sea-fog closes us in (in which I 've walked healthily, with my young niece, out to the links—with the sense of being less of a golfist than ever); the clock ticks and the fire crackles during the period between tea and dinner; the young niece aforesaid (my only companion this season of mirth, with her parents abroad and a scant snatch of school holidays to spend with me) sits near me immersed in *Redgauntlet* . . . I've now dined, and re-established my niece with the second volume of *Redgauntlet*—besides plying her, at dessert, with delicacies brought down, à son intention, from Fortnum & Mason; and thus with a good conscience I prepare to close this and to sally forth into the sea-fog to post it with my own hand—if it 's to reach you at any congruous moment. I yesterday dismissed a servant at an hour's notice—the house of the Lamb scarce knew itself and felt like that of the Wolf—so that, with reduced resources, I make myself generally useful. Besides, at little, huddled, neighbourly Rye, even a white December sea-fog is a cosy and convenient thing. . . .

The young niece . . . immersed in "Redgauntlet"

". . . the mature women being here the greatest dancers"

On left—

To W. D. HOWELLS

New Year's Eve, 1908

. . . I should be passing a very—or a rather—inhuman little Xmas if the youngest of my nephews (William's *minore*—aged 18—) hadn't come to me from the tutor's at Oxford with whom he is a little woefully coaching. But he is a dear young presence and worthy of the rest of the brood, and I 've just packed him off to the little Rye annual subscription ball of New Year's Eve—at the old Monastery—with a part of the "county" doubtless coming in to keep up the tradition—under the sternest injunction as to his not coming back to me "engaged" to a quadragenarian hack or a military widow—the mature women being here the greatest dancers.

". . . it crowns my career . . ."

Below—

To MISS GRACE NORTON

August 10th, 1909

. . . at our annual little horticultural show, given this year in some charming private grounds on a high hill overlooking our little huddled (and lower-hilled) purple town. There I found myself in the extraordinary position—save that other summers might—but haven't—softened the edge of the monstrosity—of seeing "Henry James Esq." figure on *thirteen* large cards commemorative of first, second and third prizes—and of more first, even, if you can believe it, than the others. It always [seems] to point, more than anything else, the moral, for me, of my long expatriation and to put its "advantages" into a nutshell. In what corner of our native immensity could I have fallen—and practically without effort, helpless ignoramus though I be—into the uncanny flourish of a swell at local flower shows ? Here it has come of itself—and it crowns my career.

To WILLIAM JAMES

August 17th, 1909

. . . never so much as this summer, e.g., I felt the immensely noble, the truly aristocratic, beauty of this splendid county of Sussex, especially as the winged car of offence has monstrously unfolded it to me. This afternoon an amiable neighbour, Mrs. Richard Hennessy, motored me over to Hurstmonceux Castle, which, in spite of its being but about ten miles "back of" Hastings, and not more than twenty from here, I had never yet seen. It 's a prodigious romantic ruin, in an adorable old ruined park; but the splendour of the views and horizons, and of the rich composition and perpetual picture and inexhaustible detail of the country, had never more come home to me. . . . We lately have had (it broke but yesterday) a splendid heated term—very highly heated—following on a wholly detestable June and July and having lasted without a lapse the whole month up to now—which has been admirable and enjoyable and of a renewed consecration to this dear little old garden. I hope it hasn't broken for good, as complications, of sorts, loom for me next month—but the high possibility is that we shall still have earned, and have suffered for in advance, a fine August-end and September. My window is open wide even now—but to the blustering, softly-storming, south-windy midnight. And through thick and thin I have been very quietly and successfully working.

To MADAME WAGNIÈRE

Dec. 22nd, 1909

The general turmoil of the year's end has done its best to prevent my sooner expressing to you my great rejoicing in all the pleasantness of your news of your settled state by the "plus beau des lacs"; a consummation on which I heartily congratulate you both. A real rest, for the soles of one's feet, a receptacle and domestic temple for one's battered possessions, is what I myself found, better than I had ever found it before, some dozen years ago in *this* decent nook, and I feel I can only wish you to even get half as much good of it as I have got of my small impregnable stronghold—or better still, incorruptible hermitage. Yours isn't a hermitage of course, since hermits don't—in spite of St. Anthony and his famous complications (or rather and doubtless by reason of them)—have wives or female friends: and *very* holy women don't even have husbands . . . I hope you are having *là-bas* a less odious year than we *poverini*, who only see it go on from bad to worse, the deluge *en permanence*, with mud up to our necks and a consequent confinement to the house that is like an interminable stormy sea voyage under closed hatches. . . . I catch the distracted post (*so* distracted and distracting at this British Xmas-tide) . . .

"Mrs. Richard Hennessy motored me over to Hurstmonceux Castle . . ."

"*Louis XV as a Child*," *by Rigaud*

Children at Versailles

Portraits from the Famous Palace of the French Monarchs

"*Louis XIV at the Age of Ten*," *by Simon Vouet*

"*The Dauphin and Madame Royale*," *by Madame Vigée Lebrun*

In the midst of the glitter of the French court at Versailles with its perpetual intrigue, its throngs of courtiers and onlookers, brilliant masques and balls, played the successive generations of children who grew up to be the hereditary rulers of France. Not until the mobs of the French Revolution took command was the lustre of Versailles dimmed. Louis XIII built a chateau there on the site of his former hunting lodge, completely altering the old building. He considered it a private residence. His son, Louis XIV, annexed the land for the Gardens and eventually made Versailles a gigantic Royal residence. Louis XV, while displaying no great love for the place, held court there, and the interior was remodelled; the Petits Appartements were built so that he could escape from his courtiers. A French King lived his whole life in public. Marie Antoinette's children, the Dauphin and Madame Royale, saw the Sans Culottes yelling for blood before the Palace was sacked. These pictures are reproduced from *Versailles*, by G. Van der Kemp and J. Levron, published this year by Nicholas Kaye.

"*Marie-Antoinette and her Children*," *by Madame Vigée Lebrun*

Reproduced by permission of Leggatt Brothers

Boy in a Window

A Painting by Verkolye Raises a nice Conundrum

The painting by Jan Verkolye is entitled "James, Fifth Earl of Northampton," who was born about 1687. It is a charming study of childhood concentration, the boy at the window attempting to lure back his pet bird perched high in the honeysuckle in the top right-hand corner. The cat is a most interested spectator and behind, ready with the cage, is another child. It might be thought that this latter is James's brother, George, who was to become sixth earl. This is almost certainly not the case. For the history of the picture is surrounded by mystery. It is almost identical with the portrait, "The Bird Catcher," by another Dutch artist of the period, Pieter Cornelisz Van Slingeland. The only apparent differences in the works are in the faces of the chief models and in the colours of their coat linings. Van Slingeland's boy is wearing the star of an order. This child has sometimes been identified as Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV and Madame de la Vallière.

Slingeland's picture is dated 1677. Verkolye's, although undated, must certainly be later. Verkolye died in 1693. Unless the child was incredibly precocious, the date should be 1692 or 1693. One can only speculate on the reasons for Verkolye's painting. Possibly the Fourth Earl of Northampton saw the Slingeland portrait and was so taken with it that he decided to have one done of his own son in similar style and setting. That is one of the explanations given for this interesting conundrum. Slingeland and Verkolye were contemporaries in Holland and lived in neighbouring towns. They may well have known each other and may have occasionally shared work by mutual arrangement. Little importance should be attached to the fact that James Compton did not become Fifth Earl of Northampton until 1727. The title of the portrait, at the top left, could have been lettered-in during a later cleaning of the canvas, the original title having faded or disappeared altogether.

Don

A Brilliant Production
And the Part Played
English

A memorable production of Verdi's *Don Carlos* was given a series of performances at Covent Garden last May. Luchino Visconti, the producer, was also responsible for the scenery and costumes, with the assistance of Maurizio Chiari and Filippo San Just. Signor Visconti is a firm believer in placing his operas in their proper historical context and in *Don Carlos* his decor contrasted the light-hearted charm of the French Court, in the rarely performed opening scene, with the ascetic, stern Court of Philip II, of Spain, in the ensuing episodes. For his inspiration he went to El Greco and other Spanish painters of the period.

The picture on these pages shows the scene in front of the Cathedral in Madrid (sometimes called the Inquisition scene) in the Second Act. Heretics are about to be burnt at the King's orders when Don Carlos, his son, appears and begs to be sent to govern Flanders. This request is refused. King Philip (sung by Boris Christoff) stands at the top of the steps in the centre of the right-hand page. Kneeling in the foreground of the left-hand page is Don Carlos (Jon Vickers) with, beyond him, slightly to the right near the edge of the page, Rodrigo (Tito Gobbi). Left from Don Carlos are the Queen, Elizabeth de Valois (Gre Brouwenstijn) who is in love, not with the King, but with his son; Tebaldo (Jeannette Sinclair) and, on extreme left in front, looking across stage, An Emissary from Flanders (Forbes Robinson). One of the most prominent figures is the Archbishop of Madrid, in the centre right of the scene. This rôle was taken at Covent Garden last summer by Sergeant J. Mowkes, of the Coldstream Guards.

The close association between the Brigade of Guards and the Royal Opera House is perhaps not widely appreciated. Indeed, a visitor attending a rehearsal for a work requiring large-scale production at the theatre may be surprised to see khaki battledress mixing with the every-day clothes of the rest of the cast. The uniformed men are N.C.O.s and guardsmen, carrying on a long tradition. The reasons for the Brigade of Guards including appearance at Covent Garden among their many and distinguished duties are obscure. No records appear to exist for the start of the practice and how it began must be largely a matter of speculation based upon hearsay which has been handed down from generation to generation.

Colour Photograph by Houston Rogers

Carlos

at Covent Garden, by the Guards in Opera

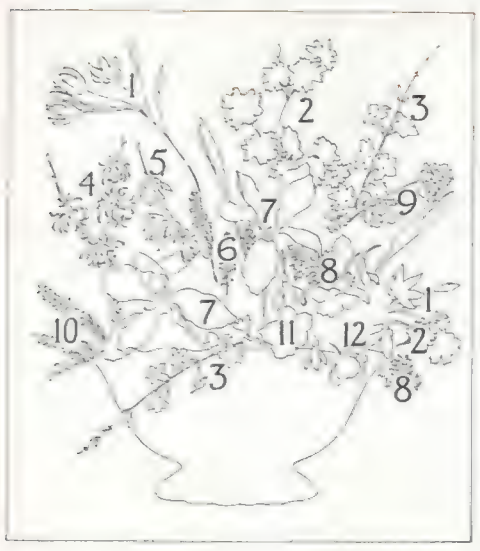
The consensus of opinion is that Queen Victoria was responsible, and that the Prince Consort also had a hand in it. The story goes that they were present at some opera which had a chorus of soldiers. The Queen was profoundly shocked by the lack of martial bearing in these performers and afterwards remarked either to the Prince, or to the manager, or possibly to both: "*My* Guards would never march like that," or words to the same effect. At all events, the offer is said to have been made of the loan of proper soldiers and ever since then the Covent Garden company has availed itself of the Royal permission to draw on the Brigade whenever required.

According to one version, the occasion was a performance of *Aïda*. Verdi's great work does require a chorus of warriors, but it was not performed at Covent Garden until 1876—by which date Prince Albert had been dead for some years and the Queen had withdrawn from all but unavoidable public appearances. It is doubtful whether she ever saw *Aïda*.

Others favour Beethoven's *Fidelio* as the opera which caused this historic incident. The Queen and Prince definitely saw a performance of this on May 27, 1851—it would have been in the old theatre, not the present building. Gye, who is sometimes identified as the manager in the story, was at that time in charge at Covent Garden. A case can be made out for Pizarro and his guards having roused Royal indignation on that occasion.

But, it has to be admitted, there could be other reasons for the presence of the Guards at Covent Garden, and Queen Victoria could have had no connection with them. For example, a manager or producer requiring a soldiers' chorus might well have reached the obvious conclusion and come to some arrangement with the local garrison—which would presumably have consisted of Guards regiments. Or, and this is another theory which has to be considered, Guardsmen have for years lined the entrance to Covent Garden for special occasions. A producer finding himself short of extras and supers might have borrowed one or two of them on some particular night and, realising their great advantages, established a precedent.

Queen Victoria may have had little to do with it. But to-day the fact that Covent Garden productions are inevitably well-drilled and disciplined is certainly in part due to the Guards.



WINTER FLOWERS

Blooms at Christmas-time Drawn From his Own Garden by Victor Coverley-Price

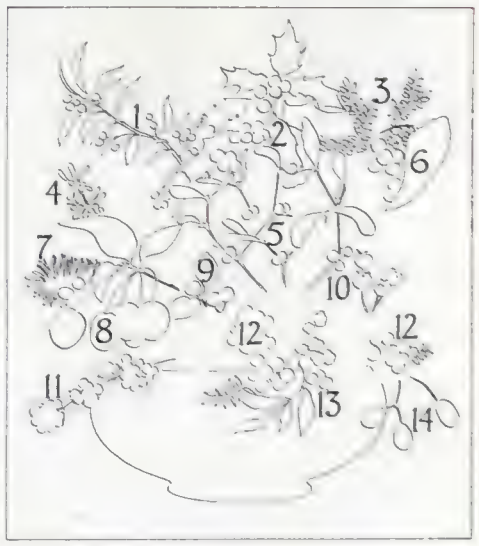
Winter is often regarded as a season with little colour since flowers are rare. This is a false assumption. There are a considerable number which blossom about Christmas, as Victor Coverley-Price shows on this page with examples from his own garden. Some of them, although perhaps unspectacular, are among the sweetest-scented flowers that grow in this country. Following the key on the left they are: (1) The Caffre Lily (*Schizostylis*); (2) *Prunus subhirtella autumnalis*; and (3) Winter Jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*). In its winter version this flower produces a sweet-scented flower which vies with the summer species. From (4) Witch Hazel (*Hamamelis mollis*) an ointment is distilled to dab on insect bites and sore skin. The flower of this shrub, native to North America, blossoms in later autumn and continues throughout the mid-winter. It has long curling petals. Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*) comes next (5); followed by *Daphne mezereum* (6); *Iris unguicularis* (*stylosa*) (7); *Mahonia aquifolium*, otherwise known as the Oregon Grape (8); *Viburnum fragrans* (9); and *Erica carnea* (10). Then comes the Christmas Rose (11), whose romantic-sounding Latin name is *Helleborus niger* and which bears a white flower at Christmas. Hybrids of the Christmas Rose with pink or red flowers do not usually bloom until later. Lastly (12) is the Snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), with its frail, white bell-shaped flower hanging from the top of a slender stalk. At Christmas it is a welcome sight—as Wordsworth wrote, the Snowdrop is the

"venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years."

WINTER BERRIES

Another Aspect of Nature's Christmas Colours Drawn by Victor Coverley-Price

Brightening the Christmas scene in hedgerows and gardens are the berries to be seen at this time of year. Many of them have rich, dark leaves, contrasting with the winter flowers which mainly have little or no foliage and are delicate in colour. Examples of winter berries are shown on this page by Victor Coverley-Price. Following the key on the right, the first is Firethorn (*Pyracantha coccinea*, var. *Lalandii*), followed by (2) the holly (*Ilex aquifolium*). Although native to this country, other species of this hardy evergreen tree were introduced from North America as long ago as 1726. *Cotoneaster horizontalis* (3) and (4) Berberis, a hybrid, come next. Mistletoe (5), the Latin name of which is *Viscum album*, is prominent in the folk-lore of Europe as a magical plant credited with many virtues—giving the power to see ghosts, healing diseases, and licensing the activities which take place beneath it at Christmas. Black Bryony (*Tamus communis*) and Yew (*Taxus baccata*) are 6 and 7. Some particularly gnarled and stately specimens of the Yew tree are claimed to be at least 2,000 years old. These two are followed by *Malus floribunda*, var. *Atropurpurea* (8), *Hypericum androsoemum* (9) and (10) Rose ("Grey Dawn"). Another hybrid of the Berberis (11) comes next, followed by *Pernettya mucronata* (12), and (13) Spindle (*Euonymus europaeus*). A small tree of the family *Celastraceae*, this last is a native of Europe, Western Siberia and North Africa. It has a smooth grey bark, four-lobed red berries, which open to disclose the orange jackets of the few large seeds, and minute greenish-white flowers. Lastly there are Rose hips (14), from which a syrup containing vitamin C can be made.



The vagaries of fashion have often proved a fascinating study in the waywardness of mankind. Not content with the natural human shape, the fashionably-dressed of each succeeding period have sought to hide or to exaggerate some salient feature. These drawings by Miss Pauline Baynes are a survey of the elegance of past centuries.

At centre *on the left* an eighteenth-century lady examines the small black patches which she has just stuck on her face. Usually placed to draw attention to a particular charm, they were also much in favour to hide pimples. The practice was common to both sexes.

In Elizabethan England gigantic starched ruffs were worn, as in the *centre* drawing at top. Also worn in Tudor times was the farthingale (*top centre right*). In the last quarter of the eighteenth century huge coiffures were works of art. The hair was well-greased to help the powder to stick, and wool, bran, horsehair and cushions on a wire foundation were used to build up the hair to a height of 3 ft. Once dressed, the hair remained untouched for as long as possible, perhaps three weeks. Vermin found the head a luxurious pantry, and on one occasion at least when the erection was pulled down, mice ran out, as is illustrated *centre right*.

In the second row *left* is shown an anecdote concerning Queen Victoria which started a fashion. After Prince Albert had admired a Scottish peasant girl in a red flannel petticoat walking across a field near Balmoral, the Queen ordered one for herself.

In the *centre* is a fourteenth-century lady. *On the right* are two early nineteenth-century figures following the fashion set by the French Revolutionaries and the painter David. Flimsy muslins and closely-fitting tights were worn imitating Greek costume. Both were damped to make them cling revealingly to the figure.

The *bottom row* of illustrations shows the vagaries of men's attire. *On the left* is an eighteenth-century "Macaroni." Next to him is a fourteenth-century figure with fantastically long shoes. Third from the *left* is a sixteenth-century gallant in a humiliating predicament. He is wearing a "peascod belly," a contrivance made out of whalebone. Having caught the cloth on a nail, the sawdust stuffing is escaping to the ground.

Fourth is the silhouette favoured by Henry VIII. Contrasting with his masculinity, next to him is a Caroline courtier. *On the right* is an "Innoyable," the French imitation of the English "Macaroni."

M/V "Bolton Abbey," built for Associated Humber Lines, Ltd.

"He watched the vessel's stem ploughing the foam
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw.
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home
He saw the flag she flew."

HENRY NEWBOLT

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THE HUNT BALL

A Water Colour by Margot Gilbert

The Hunt Ball is traditionally associated with the Christmas season in many parts of the country. Margot Gilbert has depicted a contemporary scene, with men and women by a Christmas tree. Above and below the main picture are impressions which will be familiar to any who have followed a hunt on horseback or on foot. There are various explanations of the origins of the hunt balls. One is that they developed from the gatherings in the eighteenth century after a day's hunting, when the ladies would be invited to join the gentlemen. Well filled with food and drink, they would inevitably start dancing. At all events, the Hunt Ball gradually became one of the great social occasions of the district. Until twenty years ago attendance was usually restricted to those invited by the Master or the Committee, and their friends. Since the war the dances may have become less exclusive. In many "countries" they combine the advantages of the old Hunt Balls and the Farmers' Dances. This is evidence that hunting is becoming a genuinely popular sport and appealing to an ever-increasing public.

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The pleasure of any party is enhanced by the offering of 'Myers'. This fine old Jamaica rum is the very spirit of hospitality, stimulating, refreshing, and so versatile in its range of mixes that all tastes can be suited.

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VANTELLA · 465 OXFORD STREET · LONDON W.1

"AMID THE WINTER SNOW..."

Seasonable Pictures of Three Churches in the South of England

Reliable weather records are a phenomenon of this century. Therefore one cannot state if the tradition of the snow-clad Christmas—beloved of the Christmas card designers—is fact or fiction. However, it is always pleasant at this season to look at pictures of churches in the snow. In innumerable churches in England at this time of year choirs will be singing the fine old carol "See Amid the Winter Snow." . . .

The view of the steeple of Christ Church in Southgate is very apposite with the snow-clad Christmas tree balancing the spire. The church, although less than a hundred years old, is on the site of a chapel built in 1615. Eynsford, in Kent, takes us further back in history. The church is of Norman foundation, with some excellent thirteenth- and fourteenth-century architecture. It is dedicated to St. Martin of Tours and it is most fitting to remember him at Christmas, for he is the patron saint of drinking and of reformed drunkards.

St. Nicholas, the parish church of Chislehurst, is in the main in the Perpendicular style. Among its monuments are those to Sir Edmund Walsingham and his son Thomas Walsingham. Nearby is the house in which the Emperor Napoleon III died in 1873. And, of course, for those who want legends, the Chislehurst Caves will provide an abundance.

The parish church at Southgate, Middlesex

The Church of St. Martin, Eynsford, Kent

St. Nicholas, Chislehurst, Kent

The Grands Boulevards on a winter night

PARIS UNDER SNOW

Winter Scenes in the Capital of France

Like London, Paris never lacks visitors at any time of year. But probably it is least crowded in the winter months. These three pictures show that when it snows in the French capital there is usually a wider spread of white than in the British metropolis. This may be due to the fact that Paris has not so many central-heating plants and boilers just below ground-level. In the heart of London these undoubtedly cause the snow to disappear rapidly.

In the picture of the Grands Boulevards at night, a corner of the Church of the Madeleine can be seen in the left-hand bottom corner. This is the building which was begun by Napoleon I as a "Temple of Glory" and designed in the style of a Roman temple. Covered by a pall of snow it has a certain melancholy aspect and is more than ever a reminder of the folly of bellicose ambition. In the Place de la Concorde, the central feature is the Obelisk. It was brought from the great temple of Luxor, in 1831. The Tuileries Gardens were laid out for Louis XIV by the landscape-gardener Le Nôtre. Since then there have been additions to the grounds and statues.

Place de la Concorde under snow

In the Tuileries Gardens

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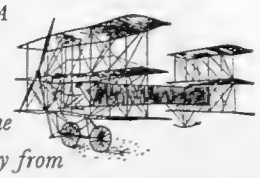
Designed for its job



THE BRITANNIA largest, fastest, most spacious jet-prop airliner in the world, is a far cry from the kite-like structures of the pioneers of early flight. Its great size has not precluded a graceful shape which, however, does not arise from mere aesthetic considerations. It was designed for its job—air transport over great distances with the maximum of safety and efficiency at the high speeds of today.

IN THE SAME WAY, the London and Lancashire Insurance Service has been designed specially for its purpose—that is to suit your insurance needs, to provide a policy that is exactly right for its particular job.

Photograph B.O.A.C.

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those who cannot help themselves

Golden Jubilarians who have found the blessings of comfort and security in one of the Nursing Homes run by the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, where they can remain together for the rest of their days.

FUNDS are urgently needed to enable us to continue to help our large and ever-increasing family, many of whom are elderly and infirm. They rely on us for permanent or temporary financial assistance in order that they may continue to maintain themselves in their own little homes for as long as their health and strength permit.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY DEPENDENT ON YOUR SUPPORT
PLEASE ENABLE US TO MAKE 1959 A HAPPIER YEAR FOR THEM

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

Patron:
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother

The General Secretary: 10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5

MAKING MIRACLES

Ten Ways of Bringing

Children and Ships.—In these days of juvenile instability the story of THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES and the *Arethusa* Training Ship makes heartening reading. Over 15,000 boys have passed through the famous training ship to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service. It is home, school, and ship to the boys. In the SHAFTESBURY HOMES boys and girls are cared for, and taught the principles of good citizenship. Neither the *Arethusa* nor the Homes are nationalised. They depend largely on *your* generosity and interest. Donations will be gratefully received by the Secretary, SHAFTESBURY HOMES and *Arethusa*, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Growing Old.—Last year THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION decided to commemorate its Diamond Jubilee by building a much-needed Nursing Home in Kensington. This will provide for forty-nine chronically-ill patients, whose lives have been devoted to their country, both here and overseas. These patients look forward to a moderately comfortable old age, but their small incomes or pensions are now totally inadequate to meet the expenses of serious illness or even everyday needs. Please help us to ease their burdens by sending a donation to the D.G.A.A., 10, Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

Animals in Need.—THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS was founded in 1917 for the free treatment of sick and injured animals whose owners cannot afford veterinary fees. It also gives free advice on the care of animals. During the past year nearly 1,000,000 cases have been treated by the 81 dispensaries, 22 mobile dispensaries, and 5 hospitals in Great Britain. The P.D.S.A.—supported entirely by voluntary contributions—has branches also in France, Morocco, South Africa, and other countries. Many people and many animals will be happier if you will send a Christmas donation to The P.D.S.A., 15, Clifford Street, W.1.

"Lest We Forget."—Every year and all year the BRITISH LEGION carries on its great battle on behalf of the men and women of all Services and all wars, and for their dependants. It is active in every part of the world where British ex-servicemen and women are found. One day in each November—known to all as Poppy Day—is devoted to the replenishment of coffers, but the Legion's ability to win its battles depends upon the generosity of people on *every* day. Please help by sending a donation for Christmas and the New Year to the BRITISH LEGION HAIG'S FUND, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Helping the Incurable.—THE ROYAL HOSPITAL AND HOME FOR INCURABLES has in its care some 260 men and women, sufferers from incurable diseases. In spite of their disabilities, and within the limitations of a wheel-chair, they lead full and useful lives, and a visit to the Hospital is an uplifting experience. To the patients this is both Hospital and Home. But—it is *not* state-aided, and the need for donations is very great. Please help to reward the infinite courage of these people by sending your Christmas gift to The Secretary, ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, Putney, S.W.15.

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED

for

Moral Welfare Work among Women, Girls and Children

For over 100 years the Church Moral Aid Association has been actively engaged in this work.
It assists Committees to found Homes. Acts as Custodian Trustees for properties. Helps old and needy workers.
Gives maintenance grants annually to Homes in Union, also gives bursaries towards the training of workers.

Fullest particulars will be gladly supplied by the Secretary

CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION
(formerly Church Penitentiary Association)
20 JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

HEALTHY, HAPPY PETS...

but they may one day need the skilful care and attention of

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

The Society treats annually many thousands of animals whose owners cannot afford private treatment.

Photo by courtesy of Nimmo

The P.D.S.A. is supported entirely by voluntary contributions and **YOUR HELP** this Christmas will be a Gift of Good Health to a P.D.S.A. patient.

Please send to: **P.D.S.A. House (X) Clifford Street, London, W.1.**

A Christmas Service **YOU** *can render*

Yes, our Bisley school chapel has its own boy's choir and they, like all the children of all our Homes, look to you for their happy Christmas as well as for your help from one Christmas to the next. What better Christmas Service could there be than the present and future support of these children's homes.

Please send your Christmas Donations to the General Secretary.

SHAFTESBURY HOMES & 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP
PATRON H.M. THE QUEEN
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Will you be an HONORARY FATHER CHRISTMAS?

A gift to The Salvation Army makes you an honorary Father Christmas immediately. There are no other duties—just the comforting knowledge that others, far less fortunate, will enjoy the Army's seasonal goodwill and good cheer.

Please send whatever you can afford to "Christmas Fund", 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

FOR CHRISTMAS

Happiness to Others

The Great Family.—Christmas is the time when children are uppermost in our thoughts. As you plan for the children near and dear to you think for a moment of THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETY, which must contrive for a gigantic family of 4,500 who have no other home. For seventy-six years the Society has fed, clothed, and cared for its great family, which is ever-increasing. But costs have risen dangerously, and coffers must be filled. In the warm security of your family circle, will you remember this other family and so bring delight to many small hearts at Christmas? Please send your gifts to The Old Town Hall, Kennington, London.

The Army for Salvation.—Christmas should be a special time for laughter and happiness. But to many Christmas is but a date on a calendar, with only memories for companions. How welcome therefore is the Salvationist who calls with friendly greeting and parcel for the sick and aged. In gaily-decorated Hostels 12,000 homeless men and women join the Army family for Christmas dinner and tea, and in Hospitals and Goodwill Centres Salvationists bring the spirit of Christmas to sad and lonely hearts. These are services all may share by sending a gift to THE SALVATION ARMY H.Q., 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Spring Flowers for Christmas.—THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS is a voluntary organisation which explores every corner in its fight to prevent and cure this dread disease. For twenty-six years it has raised funds at Christmas by the sale of special seals to decorate parcels and letters. These are sold at 4s. for a sheet of 100, and this year the Association has chosen a charming new design of 100 different spring flowers in gay attractive colours. Please buy as many seals as you can from the Duchess of Portland, N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

Moral Aid.—THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION is the special Church of England body responsible for the sympathetic handling of moral welfare work among women and girls. It helps committees to found Rescue Homes and gives annual grants to Homes in league with the Association. Every penny received by way of subscriptions or donations is distributed. Please help this good work by sending a Christmas gift to THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION, 20, John Street, London, W.C.1.

Cancer Research.—THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND has been established for over fifty-six years, and during this period it has striven ceaselessly to uncover the causes of cancer, and to further the prevention and treatment of this dread disease. The Fund receives no official income for its vital work and must rely for its continued existence upon the generosity and gratitude of the public. Please help the Fund to continue and extend its research by sending a donation to THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND, Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

One day

One day in the year—Poppy Day—is devoted to Haig's Fund. Upon the money collected depends—to a great extent—the existence of the largest welfare organisation of its kind in the world.

The needs of the ex-Service community do not lessen with the years and Poppy Day donations cannot alone finance current commitments and the urgent expansion programmes at present under way.

Will you therefore please remember that legacies, bequests and donations in favour of Haig's Fund are urgently needed.

BRITISH LEGION
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"Madam, will you walk?"

NO, never again. Never again just down to the letter-box. Nor even a few feet to open the window and listen to the Christmas bells. You see, she is incurable. She is one of the wonderful happy people who live in the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables at Putney. People who depend entirely *on your help*, your contribution, to live only in their hearts that happy life which you live on your two feet. This Christmas-tide as the children or grandchildren hang up their stockings—think to yourself just what *walking* means to you and yours. And send a present, however small, to this group of brave people at the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney, London, S.W.15, marking your envelope "Xmas." (It is not State-aided; and depends entirely on *your* contributions.)

Merry Christmas - with a hundred flowers!

Decorate your parcels and envelopes with gay *NAPT* seals. Sheets of one hundred flower designs, four shillings.

obtainable from

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
and Diseases of the Chest and Heart
TAVISTOCK HOUSE NORTH, LONDON, W.C.1

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

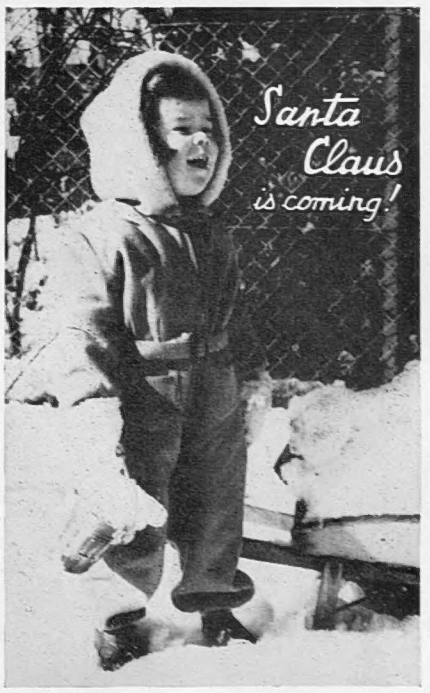
IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

The Fund itself carries out Cancer Research in its own laboratories without State aid. New lines of research are starting: new equipment and extra staff are wanted. Please send a gift to the Treasurer, A. Dickson Wright, Esq., F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.



Please don't let her be disappointed!

There are 4,500 children in our family who depend ON YOU

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child.

Christmas Donations gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

Christmas Under Racing Sail

(*Concluded from page 29*)

roar upon her other side. Square yards are ponderous things, without the tremendous burden of gale-filled sails pressed to their last ounce of strength distended from them. A grain-racer's watch of boys are few to swing eighteen great yards, each up to 100 ft. long, even with brace-winches to help them !

The helmsman must be alert, straining at the terrific business of keeping the ship within a compass-point of course while the great seas rage at her and tower up astern of her and fling themselves inboard along her great length, and the shrieking of the gale can be like the sound of doom. Nor did our four-poster swing to her helm with the sweet and swift responsive grace of the thoroughbred clipper. Far from it ! She steered well enough, but, by heavens, you had to watch her . . . We watched.

CAPTAIN ALAN VILLIERS: The author of this article is seen during the making of the film John Paul Jones, *in which he has a part besides being technical adviser*

Our captain was a racing man, winner of more grain races than any other surviving master. Always he drove his ships. Always he came in first, whether he sailed the wall-sided, stump-masted *Lawhill* or the swift, ex-school-ship *Herzogin Cecilie*. But sometimes he over-drove a little, too. This time he did just that, and the swift jumping of the wind from nor'rard to away well south of west brought with it a violent squall that grew and grew and all the sea raced white and frenzied, flattened for the moment with the violence of the wind. The great old Scots-built ship staggered over on her side and flung herself along, but she was carrying too great a press of sail if the weight of wind continued—the full six tops'ls and the great fores'l, all of best Arbroath flax canvas of Cape Horn strength . . .

" All hands on deck ! "

All hands were on deck, anyway, for there was no place below to go. Everyone lived in two steel houses on the deck in the ship's waist, and these were then under water.

" Get the tops'ls off her ! Fore tops'l first ! "

There followed as wild a night and day of it as any of us could remember, even among those who had been in several ships before, including the Laeisz nitraters. The yards had been trimmed first, of course, and the ship continued to race onwards, night and day, while the small group of us struggled with sail after sail while the wind shrieked at us and tore at us and flung the iron-stiff canvas with contempt from our poor grasp, and it was bitter cold and our fingers and our hands bled, and there was no respite at all. Even the sacred watch-keeping hours broke down while this sort of work lasted, and that was thirty hours. It took the whole of the first night to get one sail in, with so few to do the work.

Even as we struggled there with the spume and the spray reaching us high aloft, we could snatch a moment's delight every now and again to admire the wild run of her, the race of that sleek, great, black four-master through the tumult of the sea . . . Aye, she was in the clipper tradition, true enough ! And so, I reflected when all was done, so indeed was this handful of boys, my shipmates, my tow-headed fellow boy-sailors from Finland and from Denmark, from Latvia and from Hamburg, from South Australia and from Henley-on-Thames.

It was only when we had all come down from aloft and saw our captain standing on the poop there, smiling, with a pot of steaming grog (well watered for the boys) that one of us remembered. Good Lord, it was Christmas Day !

Our captain had remembered. When we went forward, there was a present for each of us lying on our bunks—good things, too, that we just needed : a pair of dry and thick woollen socks here, mittens there, leather gloves for that one and a fearnought tam-o'-shanter for the other—something for everyone, with a little card in the Swedish language. Those things must have been prepared at home in Finland months before, and now the steward had put them there for us, and graced the table with a little Christmas tree made of wood and pieces of real pine taken from a Finnish tree. Everything that could move was lurching about that wet forecastle with the ship's wild rolling, and no closed skylight or ports or doors could keep out the scream of the wind.

But we felt at peace in there. We felt that we had learned something of the true meaning of peace, despite the tumult of the gale and the continued and relentless onslaught of the sea. We shared a great tradition with the men of the clipper ships, and we were glad.

Two Faces of Raquel

(*Concluded from page 22*)

He got back into the taxi and drove off. Miss Perrin stood looking down at the envelope in the bag. She didn't touch the envelope. After a moment, she took her passport and passage papers from the bag. She walked to the dock gates, showed her papers.

" *Cuarto*," she was told. " Berth Four."

As she walked along the wharf, with the heat striking up from the concrete with a taint of tar, she took the envelope from her bag. No name was written on the envelope. The flap was tucked in.

She thought of all that had happened, of the choice that had confronted her, of the decision she had made. Whatever its outcome, she had done the right thing as she saw it. She could not have done otherwise. And there now was nothing more that she could do.

She dropped the envelope, unopened, into the water.

Sturdy in her white linen suit, her grey hair neat, she walked on, carrying her parcels—the mementoes which she thought might interest the girls at the school—towards the ship and the stewards waiting at the foot of the gangway.

She didn't look back at the envelope, floating, disintegrating, opening up. So she didn't see that there was nothing inside the envelope except a razor-blade, which sank slowly, tilting and wavering, in the water where squeezed half-oranges and other debris drifted under the sun.

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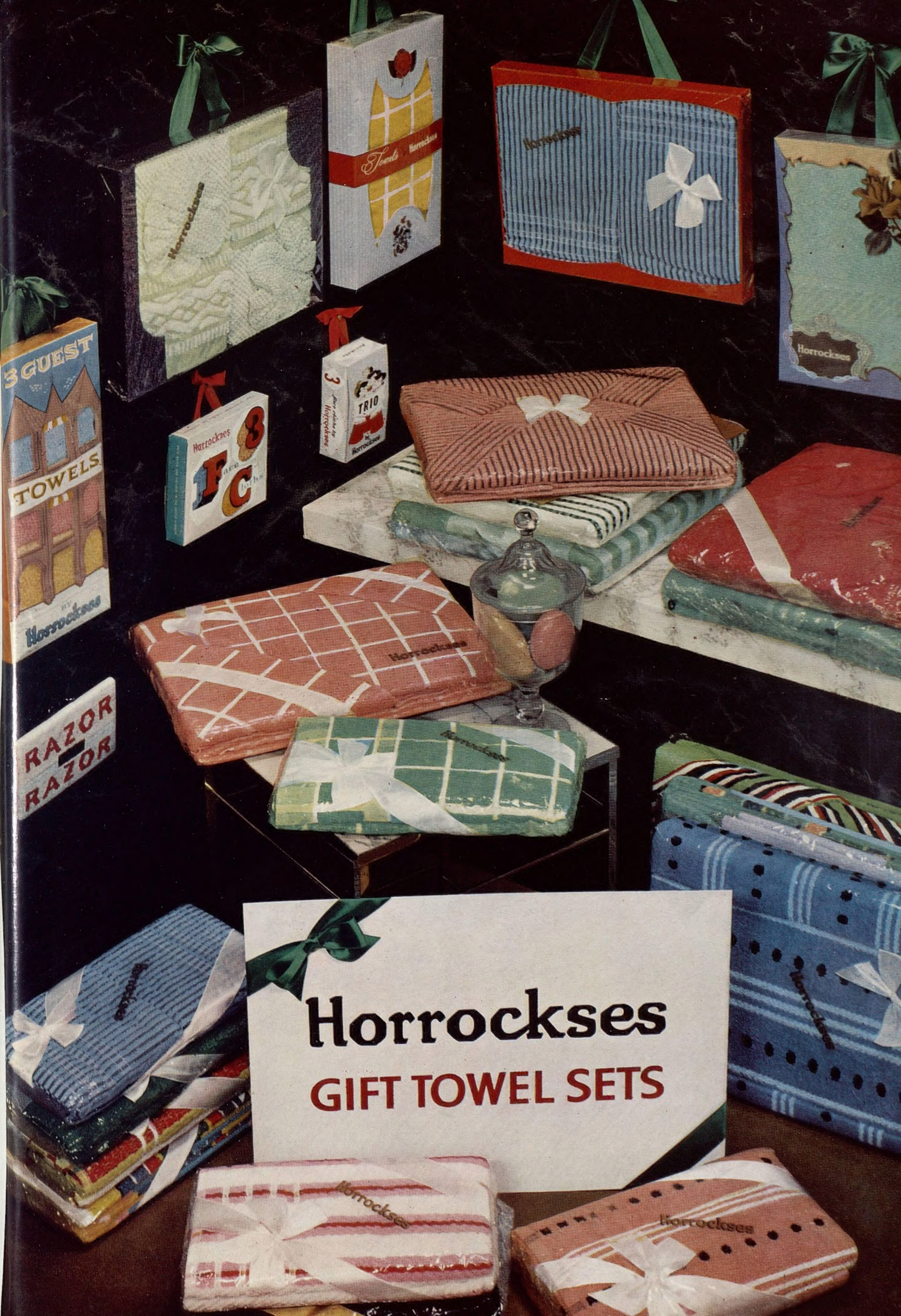
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